MY BROTHER WAS MOZART

MY BROTHER WAS MOZART

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Brigham Young University

https://archive.org/details/mybrotherwasmoza00whee

Juvenile
7

MY BROTHER WAS MOZART

BY

BENSON WHEELER

AND

CLAIRE LEE PURDY

ILLUSTRATED BY

THEODORE NADEJEN

NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

IN CANADA, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

COPYRIGHT, 1937,
BY
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, INC.

PRINTED IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	1
CHAPTER II	14
CHAPTER III	26
CHAPTER IV	41
CHAPTER V	57
CHAPTER VI	70
CHAPTER VII	87
CHAPTER VIII	101
CHAPTER IX	123
CHAPTER X	136
UNFAMILIAR WORDS AND PHRASES USED IN THE STORY	143
ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS	150
PERSONS AND PLACES MENTIONED IN THE STORY	158
MOZART'S JOURNEYS	176
BOOKS ABOUT MOZART AND MUSIC	177
MOZART'S COMPOSITIONS	180

MY BROTHER WAS MOZART

Many of the persons and things that Mozart's sister Nannerl mentions in telling her story of his life are explained in the sections at the end of the book. Refer to these sections for German words, phrases, and songs, for musical allusions, for short sketches of famous persons whom Mozart met, and for the list of all his compositions.

I

IN THE same year that Napoleon Bonaparte died in exile on the Island of St. Helena, a dainty old lady in faded rose silk walked among the flowers of her garden in the quiet Austrian town of Salzburg. It was springtime, and in the trim flower beds were violets and snowdrops and lilies-of-the-valley. The garden lay behind the house and was enclosed

on three sides by a high wall, to which clung a tracery of vines just beginning to put out fresh green tendrils and leaves. Where the mat of interlaced stems was thickest, as if undisturbed for years, the broad, weatherbeaten panels of a door showed through. The door was locked, because the little old lady had closed herself in with her one servant, Katherine, and her memories of another century.

She kept to the part of the garden where the morning sun lay warmest on the stone flags. Now and again she raised her dim eyes and looked above the wall to the snow-capped mountains rising like frost-giants in the distance.

A lively *Volkslied* broke the quiet of the garden. Through the kitchen door, opening on the terrace, came the buxom Katherine with the breakfast tray.

"*Grüss Gott!*" she cried to her mistress as she put the tray on the table under the linden tree. "Come, Baroness, at once and have your coffee and *kuchen.* The coffee is good this morning. And here is your shawl," she said, snatching up the soft wrap that lay on a chair beside the table. "The morning air is too cool for you!"

The Baroness seated herself before the tray, and as she tasted the coffee her gentle face brightened. "*Ach,* I am glad it is spring. We can have better food when we do not need to buy coal," she said.

Katherine began picking a few of the first spring

flowers, chatting meanwhile with her mistress. "I stopped next door and saw Jeanne when I set out for my walk this morning. She tells me that Frau Härtel's nephew has come to stay the summer, God pity him."

"Katherine!" reproved the old lady, but her eyes twinkled. "Frau Härtel's tongue may be sharp, but her heart is good."

Katherine snorted and went on arranging a fragrant nosegay.

The Baroness was thoughtful as she finished her breakfast. "Will you take away the tray now and bring the clavier, Katherine?" she said as she rose from the table.

Katherine turned and looked at her mistress.

"I'm always thinking of him," replied the Baroness. "You know, fifty-one years ago today my brother heard the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and startled the world by writing it all down from memory. I remember how the Salzburgers gossiped when the news reached us, and how some malicious persons said that Wolfgang had committed a sin in writing down the forbidden sacred music—for in those days Salzburg was a very religious city, and because of Papa's position in the Archbishop's Court we could not afford to set tongues wagging. How worried Mama was! Her fears were not set at rest until Papa wrote us a proud letter from Italy, saying, 'All

Rome knows it, and *even the Pope* is aware that Wolfgang has written out the *Miserere*. . . . It has brought him honor. You must absolutely have this letter read everywhere, and make it known to his Princely Highness the Archbishop.' "

When Katherine returned to the garden, she carried a large oblong case, which she set on the table before the Baroness before going back to her household tasks. The Baroness opened the case, and her fragile old fingers adjusted the keyboard. The instrument was like a small portable piano, and as she struck the mellow ivory keys, tremulous music filled the thin spring air.

While she played, she did not notice the faint scraping sound on the other side of the wall, did not see a little boy draw himself up to the top and sit there watching her. The Baroness played on and on, her dim eyes lighting up as if they were seeing visions of happier days.

The music died away, and she sat dreaming. Her hands fell to her lap. After a time she looked up and her tired blue eyes met the solemn brown eyes of the young intruder. She showed no surprise.

"Where did *you* come from to light on my garden wall?" she asked with mock severity.

"I heard the music. I thought it might be the wind fairies playing in the trees."

The Baroness laughed. "Then you were disappointed?"

The boy shook his head. "Play again," he coaxed.

"But first you must come into my garden. I never play to little boys sitting on walls. You must not jump, though," she said in sudden alarm as the child measured with his eyes the distance to the ground. "Katherine will help you."

Katherine, when called, was inclined to be disapproving as she swung the small boy to the ground. "What will your aunt, Frau Härtel, say?" she demanded.

"She is at market, and Jeanne is busy. I always slip out when they are not looking."

The Baroness laughed again, but Katherine shook her head dubiously as she returned to the house. The old lady threw a pillow on the flagstones at her feet and invited the boy to sit down. Then, turning to the clavier, she began to play melodies as finespun as gossamer. The little boy watched her fingers in rapt wonder.

"I wish *I* knew how to play," he said wistfully.

"Don't you take music lessons?"

"No—my aunt says I am too young."

"How old are you?"

"I was eight years old on the twenty-seventh of January."

The Baroness gave the boy a long look. "The twenty-seventh of January," she repeated softly. "That was my brother's birthday."

"Where is your brother now?" the boy asked.

The old eyes filled with tears. "Dead these many years," she said. "He was a great musician—so great that his music will live forever. . . . My brother was Mozart!" Her mood changed suddenly. "And you? Too young to play? My brother played from the time he was three years old. And he not only played—he also composed music. Once when Papa and some of his musician friends came in unexpectedly, they found my brother covering a paper with blots and notes. He was composing a concerto, he said; and when Papa examined it he found that it was written perfectly, though it was difficult to play."

The Baroness smiled with sudden warmth at her little visitor. "Should you like to hear some of the music my brother wrote when he was a very little boy? I have his first compositions in a portfolio that Papa brought from Paris. Wait, I will get it."

Her slippered feet pattered across the flagged terrace and into the house. In a moment she had returned with a square folio. There was a title on the cover, and she read it aloud to the child: "*Pour le clavecin*—For the clavier." She turned to a minuet.

With quick, light touch she played the gallant little dance.

"And he was only my age when he wrote that?" The boy's astonishment showed in his voice.

"Much younger! Little Mozart was only five."

"Did you too play the clavier when you were a little girl?"

"Yes. Papa taught both of us. We played almost every instrument. Of course Papa spent more time with Wolfgang, because from the very first my brother was considered a genius."

"Tell me about him," the boy begged.

The Baroness settled herself back in her chair and her eyes were dreamy as she began to recall her memories.

"We lived right here in Salzburg, on the street called the Getreidegasse, across from the square. The children played games on the cobbles about the foun-

tain of the Löchelplatz, as this square was called, and the housewives washed their clothes there.

"We lived on the third story of Herr Hagenauer's house. He had a shop below. He had fifteen children. They were our best friends. All of us used to play games in the evenings. We had such merry times. We grew up together, and with the passing of the years our childhood games changed to quoits and dancing.

"Our father was a Kapellmeister, at the Archbishop's Court. That means that he directed the musicians of the Court Orchestra and composed Court music.

"Three of the musicians—Herr Schachtner and Herr Wentzel and Herr Adlgasser—were Papa's best friends and often came home with him after they had played at the Residenz. They would play Musical Chairs with us. That was such fun! Sometimes they practiced trios while we listened. Then Mama would serve wine and cake.

"Our mother was so pretty and so gay. She always found something to laugh about, even when money was low. Theresa Franke looked after us and made soup for us on cold days. She is dead now, too. And Herr Canari is dead. How that little bird used to sing when we put him in the sunny window! His throat would almost burst with joy. Little Mozart always said that when Herr Canari was happiest he

sang in G major. For some reason G major was my brother's favorite key. Perhaps the little bird had something to do with that. And Bimberl is dead—she was such a funny dog!

"I was five years old when little Wolfgang was born—or Wolferl, as we called him. I remember well that it was a cold January day, and he was so frail that Papa feared he might not live to be christened. The very next morning Papa took him to the Cathedral. The wind was blowing, piling the snow into the doorways. Papa's fingers were numb with cold as he held the many blankets close about the baby, and he stumbled occasionally as he plodded through the drifts.

"The Cathedral was chilly when Papa entered, and almost deserted. At the christening ceremony there were only the sponsor and the priest. A few early worshipers knelt in the gloomy pews, and none of them noticed the infant who was to become a great man.

"Baby Wolfgang was not sickly long. When he and Mama were both better, we had a party. The Prince-Archbishop himself called in for a few moments to add his blessing, which was a great honor.

"This spring day makes me think of our old home. There was a court at the back with a gnarled oak where we used to play at keeping house, and a little garden plot, and yellow jasmine dripping over

the stone wall. Wolfgang liked to help Theresa spade up the warm earth and plant the seeds. Theresa used to say he would be a landowner some day. Poor Theresa—how far she missed the mark!" The Baroness drifted away into reverie, seeming to forget her little guest until he spoke.

"My mother was very pretty, too," the boy said softly, "and very gay."

"So?" The old lady looked at him. "Who was she?"

"She was a gypsy, and she lived on the Danube. She danced. My father and I loved her very much." The boy's tone was solemn. "Father always travels now—all over the world—and sometimes I get very lonesome!"

The old lady looked at the boy sympathetically, and asked: "Should *you* like to learn to play the clavier?"

"Oh, *ever* so much!"

"Will your aunt let you?"

"Well—I don't know. But—but she takes a nap every day at three o'clock. . . ."

"And all my pupils come in the evening." The Baroness' old eyes twinkled impishly. Then, more seriously: "And I, too, am lonely. Let us make a bargain: I will give you lessons, and you shall come over and visit me often. Will that do?"

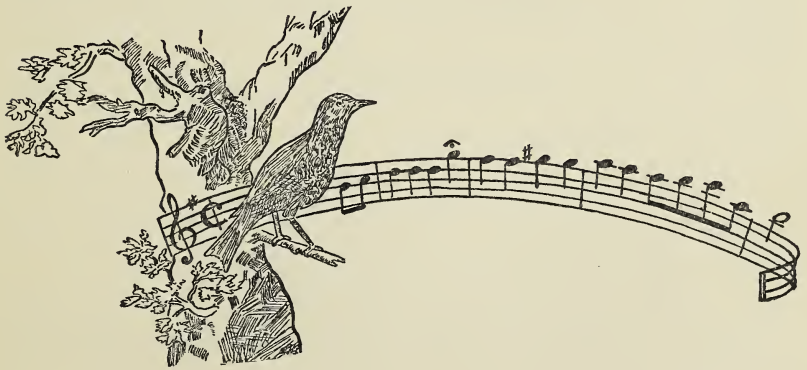
The boy's sparkling eyes were her answer.

Katherine appeared on the terrace with a wooden cage in which was perched a greenish-black bird, whose feathers were bright with a metallic gloss and speckled with white. As soon as it felt the sunshine, the bird began to sing.

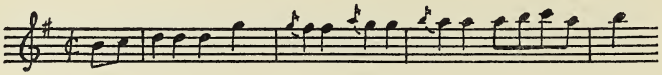
"Meet Herr Starling." The little lady smiled. "He, too, is a musician."

The bird's song trilled and rippled for a few minutes, and the little old lady and boy listened admiringly.

"My brother once had a starling," the Baroness said. "He called it Vögel Stahrl. When it died, he placed a little tombstone of his own making over the grave. Should you like to hear how he came to buy the little bird?" As the boy nodded she went on: "My brother was passing a shop one day in May when he heard a bird singing. It was a starling, and it was singing like this." The Baroness pursed her lips and whistled.



"And that was almost like part of a rondo my brother had composed a month before. The rondo went like this." The little old lady's fingers skipped lightly over the keys of the clavier.



"'*Das war schön!*' my brother said, and took the starling home. He would have the little feathered creature sing for the musicians who dropped in, telling them that his rondo was so well known that even this little bird had learned to whistle it!"

The Baroness was struck with a sudden thought. "Why—that could be our signal, yours and mine. You must learn to whistle the tune." She whistled it once again, and the little boy repeated it perfectly.

"Good, good!" The little old lady was pleased. "You are an apt pupil. Now then, when you come again, just whistle the starling's song at my garden door." She pointed to the vine-draped door in the garden wall.

At that moment someone next door called, "Petro! Petro!"

"That will be Jeanne calling me." The boy jumped up startled. "She will scold me if she sees that I have climbed over the wall."

"Then we shall go through it, you and I together." Taking the boy by the hand, the Baroness

led him to the door. She felt along the wall under the vines until her hand touched a peg on which hung a huge, rusty key. This she inserted in the lock. The key turned gratingly, and the old door swung back on its creaking hinges.

"Do not forget our signal," she warned.

For answer the boy whistled . . .

Then he ran into his own yard.

II

THE Baroness sat playing minuets as delicate and fine as the ivory lace ruffles that framed her blue-veined hands. In a chair beside her was Katherine, comfortably knitting and humming softly to herself as her broad foot kept time to the stately dance. Bees hummed busily about the honey-laden blossoms of the linden. The

little old lady did not stop playing when she spoke, at length, to the servant.

"I wonder what has become of our little Petro. He will forget all I have taught him, without practice. It is more than a week since we heard the starling's whistle."

Katherine looked over her spectacles. "When I was on my walk this morning, I saw Jeanne, but she was in a close-mouthed mood. All I could get was that the boy's father had come." Katherine wore a hurt look.

"It is very lonely without Petro now," the Baroness complained. "It is such a pleasure to teach him, because he learns quickly. That boy has the soul of a musician—he is sensitive."

The little Baroness was restless. She rose to her feet and walked down one of the shady paths. She raised her eyes to the distant mountains, from the sides of which the snows of winter had retreated before the summer sun. In the shimmering heat of the afternoon, the medieval castle on the height above the town looked like a sleeping monster guarding its barrow.

Katherine folded her knitting and rose with a sigh. "Time for coffee," she announced and went indoors.

Suddenly, over the garden wall came the clear notes of the starling's song. The little old lady's eyes

sparkled as she hastened to the garden door and took down the key. The door creaked open, and Petro slipped through the wall. Under his arm he carried a deep box.

"Well, where have you been this long time? And what have you there?" The Baroness smiled.

"I have been to Nuremberg, where the toys are made; my father took me. And look what I brought back!"

"Bring it here." The little old lady pattered across to the table under the linden, no less excited than the boy as her trembling old fingers helped him remove the lid. She threw up her hands at sight of the contents. "Oh! Hans Wurst! He is an old friend—one I have not seen since I was young." She lifted out a grotesque little marionette with a broad Dutch grin and a nose like a sausage. "See," she exclaimed delightedly, "he even has a jointed thumb. Oh, he is a *real* Hans Wurst." She turned to Petro. "Now you must learn to speak the Salzburg dialect so that you can talk with him; for Hans Wurst is a Salzburger. See how he can dance!" She lifted the controls in her old hands, and the merry Hans Wurst came to life. He capered clownishly, wiggling his long sausage nose and jerking his ridiculous thumb about as much as to say, "*Ach*, it takes a native Salzburger to bring out the best in me!"

The boy laughed gleefully, and when he took

the controls in his own hands, the Baroness sat down before the clavier and played a lively peasant dance. The marionette clown jerked himself into a thousand different postures, seemingly independent of the hands which controlled the strings. The boy and woman laughed to see him, and made up jokes for him to speak as he danced. Thus it was that Katherine found them.

Katherine set the tray down beside the clavier and stood with her hands on her hips as she watched the performance. "Hans Wurst! How he brings up memories!" she laughed.

The little boy was invited to have a cake and some apple cider which Katherine brought out from the house. While he and the little old lady enjoyed their afternoon lunch, Hans Wurst hung limply from a branch of an ornamental shrub. A slight breeze sprang up and made his head nod, so that he seemed to be amused at the quiet conversation of the two at the table.

"Hans Wurst does bring up droll memories," the little old lady was saying. "I remember the first time I saw him. We had gone with Papa to Munich, and in all that city we did not hear the familiar Salzburg dialect until we went to a puppet theater—and there was Hans Wurst. How we laughed, Wolfgang and I, at his sauciness."

"Tell me about it," Petro said eagerly.

The Baroness was pleased. As she talked, her eyes grew dreamy, and she lived again that first trip away from home.

"Wolfgang and I had made such progress in music that Papa thought he should introduce us to the Elector at Munich. It was wise in those days to have the approval of princes, for upon their patronage musicians depended for a living.

"We set out one January day—Papa, Wolfgang, and I—in the big heavy traveling-coach. We carried this same clavier with us; the coachman put it with our bags in the coach basket. All the Hagenauers were out that frosty morning to bid us Godspeed. Mama stayed behind with Theresa. Poor Mama—she was very anxious. It was the first time that Wolfgang and I were not to sleep under our own roof, and she hated to think of our jolting over rough roads and lodging in cold, ill-kept inns.

"Inside the coach there were already two passengers—a merchant and his son; and two seamen and a peddler rode third-class atop the coach. We felt almost like crying when the postilion cracked his whip and the coachman jumped to his place, but we had to laugh when we saw how quickly Mama and Theresa jumped back to escape the flying slush from the wheels.

"We leaned far out and waved at them until we could no longer see them. The heavy coach rum-

bled through the Löchelplatz and made its way to the river road. We followed the Salzach River for a short way; then the road turned sharply to the west. The sun was warm though the month was January, and the rutted roads were soon soft. The horses plunged into the mud as the coach lurched, and we could hear the coachman shouting when he pulled them away from the deep ditches at each side of the wretched road. Once during the morning the coach mired down, and all the passengers had to get out to lighten the weight—the poor third-class passengers had to push!

"About ten o'clock we stopped at an inn where there was a big Nuremberg stove. As we ate, I told Wolfgang the folk stories pictured in the blue and white tiles of the stove. The coachman took his time about eating, and stopped to chat with the pretty daughters of the innkeeper. Papa tried to hurry him, but the coachman only said, 'The coach can wait. We have from now till doomsday to get to Munich.' That made Papa very cross.

"Finally, we were started on our way again. At noon we stopped at a little hamlet, where the houses were different from anything Wolfgang and I had ever seen. They had steep-pitched roofs and overhanging balconies which leaned toward each other across the street, looking for all the world as if they were trying to peep into each other's windows.

"In the afternoon the coach grew very cold, and Papa bundled Wolfgang and me into heavy robes. My brother was very silent, and his eyes had a far-away look. Papa once asked him what he was thinking of, and he answered: 'The horses' hooves are beating out a melody, with the heavy wheels rumbling a bass. I hear all the instruments. The viola is best.' Papa was very much pleased to see that Wolfgang was composing music. That is the way my brother always composed. His music sounded in his head, sometimes as if a complete orchestra were playing. He could distinctly hear the horns and the oboes and the violins and the flutes playing their separate parts. Then, when the composition was complete in his head, he would put it on paper. In later years he was noted for his ability to produce compositions with unbelievable rapidity; and it was largely due—I am sure—to this childhood practice.

"At nightfall we stopped at a lonely inn for supper, where we found everybody much excited. The coach on the road beyond the inn had been robbed, and there was talk of highwaymen. Some said the coachman himself was known to be in league with them. Papa was uneasy and hid his money in his boots. And Wolfgang and I, when we heard the story, felt a little afraid of our own coachman, as indeed we had cause to be, though for a different reason —he drank more *Schnaps* than was good for him!

"It was a wild ride the rest of that night. Our coachman beat the horses unmercifully, and the coach itself lurched madly. The passengers were thrown from side to side against each other until we were all quite black and blue. As for robbers, we met none who molested us. Once we passed shadowy horseback riders at a turn in the road, but they did not halt us.

"In the morning we arrived in Munich. We drew up before a modest tavern, where Papa took rooms for us. The next day Papa went bright and early with his letters of introduction to the Elector. Papa left Wolfgang and me at a puppet theater on his way to the Palace. Then it was that we became acquainted with Hans Wurst.

"Red and gold letters above the theater door announced that inside we should see portrayed

THE HISTORY

OF THE

Damnable Life and Deserved Death of

Doctor John Faustus

Together with the Antics of That Bold Clown from Salzburg

HANS WURST

"Inside, the little auditorium was very dark and crowded. I felt a chill down my spine, and little Mozart reached out and grabbed hold of my hand.

"The scene on the stage seemed very terrible to us. There was a dark, gloomy forest. In a glade stood Doctor Faustus. His wild, dark eyes glowed, and he was wrapped in a long, flowing cloak. He was drawing magic circles and muttering magic incantations. When a globe of fire appeared, we were amazed and frightened, and we held our hands over our eyes when this fire turned into a red-clad Satan—or Mephistopheles as he is often called.

"There was thunder, and lightning flashed. An awful voice asked, 'What wouldst thou have of me, Faust?' Then Faust and Satan, before our very eyes, made a terrifying bargain: in exchange for youth and everything else his heart desired, Doctor Faustus was to become Satan's servant at the end of twenty years. The lightning flashed again, and with a crash of thunder the curtain rolled down.

"When it rose again, in the same glade was Hans Wurst, capering about while he drew a circle and tried to repeat Doctor Faustus' formula. Then there appeared a funny little imp, who poked Hans Wurst in the ribs, making him laugh and shout for mercy. Finally, the imp whacked Hans Wurst over the shoulder with a stick and promised him that, in exchange

for Hans' soul, he would carry Hans wherever Faust went.

"As the show went on, we saw Doctor Faustus playing tricks on people through the aid of his magic. Once he met a peasant and ate half his wagonload of hay, to the dismay of its owner. Another time, with a crowd of friends, he visited the wine-cellar of our own Bishop of Salzburg. When the Bishop's butler found them there, Faustus and his company dragged the frightened servant out by the hair of the head and carried him up to the top of a huge tree, where they set him down and then flew away, leaving the poor fellow in a fearful state of perplexity!

"The scene shifted to the cellar again. When Hans Wurst came in he had to be satisfied with teasing a ruffianly page. He hung the page up by the seat of the pants on a peg in the wine-cellar. Then the imp came in and carried Hans Wurst after his master.

"The last scene I shall never forget. The twenty years had passed by, and the time had come for fulfilling the second part of the bargain; Satan's messenger came to claim Faustus' soul. Faustus begged and struggled piteously, but to no avail. The black man carried him away amidst fiendish laughter and discordant, thunderous music.

"But when the imp came to claim Hans Wurst's

soul, Hans only laughed and said, 'Ha, ha, the joke's on you. I am only a puppet made of wood and cloth and glue, with a little paint added here and there, and I have no soul—except the sole of my foot, which I will gladly give you!" And he kicked the imp off the stage. How everyone clapped and cheered! Hans Wurst wiggled his nose and thumb, and danced off. Oh, how sorry we were when Papa came to take us back to the inn!

"A few days later, Wolfgang and I played at the Elector's Court, where we received both praise and gifts. The court nobles and their ladies clustered about us and said they could not believe their ears and eyes. We were so very young, you see. When they complimented Papa on his teaching methods, it made him very happy.

"During the three weeks that we stayed in Munich we were entertained everywhere; but in spite of all the glitter of the Court, and the splendor of the fine houses, and the high rank of the people who fêted us, my brother and I always remembered Hans Wurst as the most wonderful person in Munich."

The story ended. Katherine, who had hovered about, her eyes twinkling as she listened to the old tale, lifted up the tray and whisked gaily into the house. This was the signal for the little old lady and the boy to begin the clavier lesson. In a mo-

ment, their two heads were bent earnestly over the keys as they began the Sonata in A major.

Behind them, Hans Wurst went on nodding as if to say, "How I like to watch other people work!"

III

THE Baroness lay awake in the wide, dim bedchamber. Narrow fingers of sunlight found their way through the shutters and sought out her fine old features, framed by a lace cap. The door opened cautiously, and Katherine peered into the vague interior. The Baroness smiled and spoke.

"It is all right, Katherine. I have been awake for hours."

Katherine bustled in and set about opening all the shutters, humming a little tune. She brought a basin of water from a lowboy near the door, and while the little old lady made her toilet, Katherine went to the kitchen to get the breakfast tray.

"Well," she said as she returned and arranged the tray comfortably for the Baroness, "today is the day. I met Jeanne when I was out for my walk this morning, and she told me that the bags were all packed. The little fellow will be in Vienna this time next week."

"I have been lying here thinking about Petro's going." The Baroness' dim eyes were wistful as she began to eat her breakfast. "I shall miss the boy."

Katherine tried complimenting her mistress, to cheer her up. "My!" she said. "What that child has learned about playing the clavier—and the piano, too! You are a clever teacher, Baroness."

"When there is complete harmony between teacher and pupil, there is bound to be progress." The Baroness spoke like an oracle.

Katherine nodded her head sagely, and gently offered her mistress a spoonful of preserved pear. The Baroness shook her head and spoke chidingly.

"Katherine, you are extravagant. Pears today, and peaches yesterday!"

"And why not?" Katherine sniffed. "Save food from your mouth and the cat and the dog get it!"

The little old lady smiled and finished her breakfast obediently. Then, while Katherine took the breakfast things to the kitchen, the Baroness slipped into the regal folds of an old-fashioned sacque, whose brave colors had been softened by time. Katherine came back with mop and duster to tidy up the room. The Baroness moved about, pausing now and then before a quaint cabinet or wall bracket. Her old fingers touched the dainty Dresden figures of pottery shepherdesses and traced out the classical lines of the figures on a Wedgwood urn.

"Wedgwood—so chaste, so perfect, so delicate, like my brother's music," she said.

The familiar notes of the starling's whistle came over the wall. The Baroness turned to Katherine. "Bring him here," she said eagerly, and sang to herself while she waited.

The little boy hesitated on the threshold until the Baroness invited him in. "So you are going away —to Vienna," she said, "to become a musician."

Petro's dark eyes regarded her seriously. "Yes —but I would rather have *you* teach me," he said.

The Baroness put her hand impulsively on the boy's shoulder. "Ah, but I am old, and my sight fails me. I discovered that there was music in you and pointed the way a little. Younger hands and eyes than mine must do the rest."

"But I shall come back often to see you," Petro promised.

"And I shall listen for Herr Vögel Stahrl's whistle."

The Baroness turned to a cabinet in which rested a small violin and bow. "I must show you this before you go, Petro. It was my brother's. On this he played to the Empress and Emperor in Vienna. Come." The boy followed her to the far side of the room, and they seated themselves in two chairs drawn up before the window overlooking the terrace.

Katherine was picking fresh green rampion, which grew beyond the purple and white foxglove. The sun shone warm on the flagstones, filtering through the linden, now in full leaf, and bathing the woman and the boy and the little violin in green-edged light. The Baroness raised the instrument to her chin.

"This little violin is full of memories. I shall let it play some of them for you."

She drew the small bow across the strings, and thin, sweet notes quivered in the summer air. When

the last note died away, the Baroness rose and returned the violin to its place in the cabinet.

"That melody was played on this little violin years and years ago, when my brother was five. Papa had brought Herr Schachtner and Herr Wentzel home with him. They were going to practice some trios composed by Herr Wentzel. When little Wolfgang begged to be allowed to play the second-violin part, everybody laughed, and Papa said: 'Absurd! I have never taught you to play the violin.' Then, I remember, Wolfgang said, 'But, Papa, one does not need to be taught to play second violin!' And that made Herr Schachtner laugh again, for it was he who played the part of which Wolfgang was so scornful. Papa became cross and was going to send my brother to bed, but Herr Schachtner pleaded for him. 'Let the little fellow stay,' he said. 'He can sit here by me and play softly.'

"They began the first trio, and soon Herr Schachtner noticed that Wolfgang was playing the second-violin part perfectly, doubling Herr Schachtner's playing. How surprised he was, and delighted! So he laid aside his own instrument, to let the others see that Wolfgang could sustain the second-violin part by himself. And the three of them kept on—Papa and Herr Wentzel and little Wolfgang—until the six trios were finished. Then the two men put down their instruments and swooped upon the little musi-

cian, lifting him to their shoulders and shouting, 'Bravo!' Mama cried, and Theresa kissed Wolfgang a thousand times. Then my brother begged to be allowed to play the first-violin part. They let him, and he did it well, though he fingered in a droll way; but he did not break down once. Then it was that we knew truly that my brother was a genius."

The Baroness returned to the window and stood silent for a moment, looking out over her flowers to the high wall which enclosed them. It may be that she was seeing another courtyard where foxglove had bloomed, and where another faithful servant had bent over the rampion. The child was silent, respecting her mood, which he divined through the mysterious understanding that often exists between the very young and the very old. When the Baroness spoke again, she did so as if going on with a story whose first part was in her memory.

". . . At Linz we boarded a Danube passenger boat—Papa, Mama, Wolfgang, and I. There were all kinds of interesting people on board. Papa made friends with two Minorite friars. There was a very wealthy nobleman traveling, too—Count Herbenstein, afterwards Bishop of Passau. We did not like him at all after we saw him laugh when an old beggar fell off a wharf. Wolfgang was distressed, and cried because nobody around made any move to help the poor, ragged old man. The Count considered my

brother very odd and funny to cry over a mere beggar!

"The rest of our trip down the great river was very beautiful. If you too travel to Vienna by boat, you will see the same little villages that we did, with their quaint houses like those in Switzerland. You will pass green islands, and now and again you will see swift streams flowing into the river; they come from the high Alps. You will see wonderful scenery —sheltered valleys and gentle slopes, wooded mountains, and ruined castles high above you on steep cliffs. The Minorite friars told us that many a Crusader passing that way had lost his money-bags and his life; for in the centuries when men went on the Crusades, robber barons lived in those old castles, who preyed on merchants and knights traveling down the Danube. At the ferries there will be oxen drawing heavy wagons filled with hay, and large, flat boats being towed upstream by horses.

"Sometimes you will see gypsies—your mother's people. You may catch sight of them singing around their campfires. If you were to approach them they would invite you to join them. Then you would see some very fine dancing, and they might ask you to share the stew in the pot.

"It was on our trip to Vienna that Wolfgang played the organ for the first time. The boat stopped long enough for the Minorite friars to visit the monastery of Ipps. Mama was tired and stayed on the

boat, but Papa, Wolfgang, and I went with them. It was late afternoon, and the air was cold; so we walked briskly. When we reached the cloister, which was gray in the half-light, the friars went into the refectory—the monastery dining-room; and Papa took Wolfgang and me into the chapel, up into the organ loft. There Papa showed my brother how the pedals of the great organ worked, and pumped the bellows for him to play. As Wolfgang stepped on the pedals, the great chapel overflowed with the grand swelling of the low notes.

"From below, where I stood, it was not possible to see that anyone was in the organ loft; there seemed to be only the great empty chapel, with its magnificent stained-glass windows glowing in the dying day. As soon as Wolfgang began to play, the monks came crowding in. As they listened to him they crossed themselves devoutly; some of them seemed to be terror-stricken. Their organ had never been played like that before! One monk declared that it must be Satan himself who was playing. And when, at last, Papa made them understand that it was not Satan but only a little child, they laid trembling hands upon Wolfgang's head and blessed him and prophesied that great honor would come to him.

"When we reached Vienna, Wolfgang and I were invited to play before the Empress, Maria Theresa, at the Imperial castle, Schönbrunn, which was

huge and cold-looking, like a big box. Wolfgang played well. He *was* saucy, though; he insisted that the Court composer, Wagenseil, should turn the music sheets for him, and he reproved the Prince for singing off-key. But the Empress only smiled at his audacity. I shall always remember her as she sat there in a high-backed chair, surrounded by the ladies of the Court. She was fair, with rosy cheeks and kind blue eyes, so majestic that to us she looked like a goddess. When Wolfgang finished playing, she allowed him to sit on her lap, and Papa was so pleased!

"On returning to our rooms, we found a parcel from Schönbrunn containing beautiful court clothes for my brother and me, and two diamond rings. My dress was white with cherry bows. Wolfgang's costume consisted of a lilac coat and a lily-colored waistcoat with wide gold braid.

"The next day, the Empress sent us an invitation to a state dinner—only to watch, of course; for musicians were then considered too lowly to eat at the Imperial table. The Empress sent her private treasurer, Baron Stauffen, with a carriage for us." Here the little old lady smiled mischievously. "How stiff he was, and arrogant! He did resent it so much, poor man, that he was sent to take a message to a family of mere musicians! Things have certainly changed, Petro, since my childhood, when important and worldly people looked down on men who com-

posed or performed music. It is the great Beethoven that we have to thank, largely, for insisting that the musician must be respected and honored as a real artist.

"The dining-hall of the palace was very grand. The plate used for the service was all gold or silver, and to Wolfgang and me it seemed as if a million candles were lighted in the brilliant candelabra overhead. There were massive vases of flowers about the room, and marble and bronze busts of Roman Emperors.

"A shrill fanfare of trumpets announced the Empress and the Emperor with the Prince and Princesses of the Royal household. Everybody bowed very low as the Royal party seated themselves at the table on the dais. The Court Kapelle played as the banquet proceeded. After a time, the Empress called Wolfgang to her. She fed him some dainties from her plate. Before she dismissed him, she required his presence in her private apartments after the dinner!

"That evening Wolfgang played for the Empress while a maid dressed her hair. Mama, Papa, and I were invited to be present. I think I never heard my brother play so well—at least, while he was a child. The little Archduchesses, Elizabeth and Marie Antoinette, could not believe that he was a

child like themselves; they thought he must be a little elf!

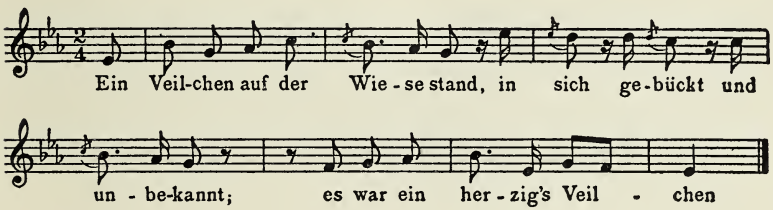
"Later, when Wolfgang played games with the two Royal children, he laughed and romped like any healthy child. While they were running over the polished floors, he slipped and fell. The Archduchess Elizabeth laughed at him, but the little Marie Antoinette helped him to get to his feet. Then Wolfgang said a very funny thing. 'I am very grateful to you,' he told her with a bow. 'When I grow up I shall marry you!' This amused the Empress, for Wolfgang was only a poor boy of humble family, and it had already been settled that when Marie Antoinette grew up she should marry a king. And she did marry a king—a famous and powerful king, Louis XVI of France. Then—only fifteen years after he and his Queen came to the throne—the French Revolution broke out, and both of them were beheaded. A dreadful death, of course; but the King and Queen were very much to blame for the injustices that led their people to revolt. . . . I have often wondered whether Marie Antoinette ever remembered little Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. . . .

"We were much entertained in Vienna. After we were received at Schönbrunn, the wealthiest homes were thrown open to us. We received hundreds of gifts, though not so much money as Papa had hoped for. Indeed, these gifts became an embarrassment

to us—they were expensive to carry from place to place.

"At Vienna we gave concerts, too. At one of these, the great German poet Goethe heard my brother play. Goethe was then a boy of only fourteen or so, but in later years, he remarked how well he remembered the little virtuoso with his wig and sword. To the words of Goethe's most appealing lyric my brother later composed music—*Das Veilchen*, which sounds so like an old German folk *Lied*. Katherine knows it well." The Baroness tapped at the window. "Stand where you are, Kathy," she called, "and sing the violet song."

Katherine looked up, not in the least surprised, and obligingly began the sweet melody in a rich, deep-bosomed voice, while she went on working over the green rampion in the garden.



As she finished the song, Petro and the Baroness clapped their hands, and Katherine "took her bow." Then the old lady began to talk about the trip to Paris.

"That winter of 1763—Mozart was then not

quite eight years old and I was nearly twelve—we went on from Vienna to Paris, taking rooms in the Hôtel Beauvais in rue St. Antoine, which was the residence of the Bavarian ambassador. We had a letter to Baron von Grimm, a famous German who lived in Paris. He became interested in us at once, and through him we gained an audience at the Court. The King at that time was Louis XV, and Baron Hébert, the Queen's Lord High Treasurer, brought us the invitation to the Palace of Versailles, some distance out of the city.

"We had never seen anything so splendid as Versailles. We were shown first into a formal hall, the celebrated 'Hall of Mirrors.' It was more than two hundred feet long, its lofty arched windows looking out on terraces, gardens, lakes, and fountains. These were all reflected in the tall mirrors on the other side of the hall, so that one had an impression of immense spaciousness. Everywhere there was furniture of pure silver, and the blossoming orange trees were set in carved silver tubs. The curtains at the windows were of damask embroidered in gold. There was much green velvet with gold fringe.

"It was in the grand salon that the Queen received us. The highest nobility of the land were there, splendid in gold-embroidered costumes and costly gems. The King nodded to little Wolfgang and presented him to the Queen. While Wolfgang

talked to the Queen, the King, who did not understand German, sat playing cards. After a time he seemed to have forgotten my brother and took no notice of him even when Wolfgang began to play. Wolfgang was furious. 'Let us go, Papa,' he said loudly; 'these people know nothing about music!' Papa was alarmed for fear the King should be angry. Then Wolfgang did a bold thing. He went right up to the King, bowed, and said, 'Will Your Majesty give me a few notes so that I can build a melody around them?'

"When the Princess Adelaide translated little Mozart's words, the King was surprised; but he gave my brother a theme. Wolfgang went straight to the piano. He played with such brilliance and power, composing as he played, that when he was done the whole Court, including the King, rose and shouted, 'Bravo!'

"Then Princess Adelaide said, 'I will set a task for you. If you accomplish it, you must indeed be a magician. I will sing an Italian song, and you must accompany me entirely by ear.'

She began the song, and my brother accompanied her. He made mistakes—naturally, for what he was doing is a great test of skill. Then he asked the Princess to repeat the song; and, the second time, his accompaniment was correct. Ten times they repeated the song, and each time little Wolfgang changed his

accompaniment, making up the most delightful variations. The Court was amazed, pronouncing my brother the most wonderful of all the musicians who had played at Versailles, though Wolfgang was only a very little boy."

The Baroness sighed and rose. "So much has happened since then. That King and Queen have passed into history—and the next King and Queen. There has been a revolution. There has been an Emperor—Napoleon Bonaparte, who died this very year, a prisoner on the Island of St. Helena. All that grandeur has come and gone, but the simple beauty of my brother's music has lasted—and will last forever!"

She smiled into the boy's eyes. "But this is our last morning together for a long time. Let us go into the garden. Katherine will bring us the clavier, and we shall play together."

The little old lady and the boy walked hand in hand to the table under the linden. Katherine brought them the clavier and lingered on the terrace while the boy played. There was inspiration in his face, and his eyes glowed with some inner fire. The Baroness folded her hands and listened.

IV

THE pale autumn sunlight found its way between the heavy draperies of the drawing-room windows. It fell on the polished wood of the Stein piano, before which Petro, amazingly lengthened out during his three years in Vienna, sat playing brilliantly. The Baroness leaned back in her chair before the grate, where a

small fire burned. Her eyes twinkled as she watched the boy's strong hands attacking violently and with too much motion the notes of the Allegro from her brother's Sonata in F. The boy brought the movement to a close with a sweeping flourish, and turned, expectant of the Baroness' praise.

Noticing the amusement on the little old lady's face, however, his own face fell. He hastened to justify himself. "When I was in Vienna, I heard the great Beethoven play that, and I paid especial attention to his style."

"And you learned it very well, Petro." There was a chuckle in the Baroness' voice. "Beethoven is a great musician. When my brother listened to his playing, he said, 'Watch that young man; he will make a noise in the world some day!' But Beethoven's ideas and style are different from my brother's. I have heard that Beethoven literally pounces upon the piano and bursts the notes asunder. As you know, of course, he has been quite deaf for some years, and so is likely to play too loud."

"Then I did not play it right?" asked Petro, dismayed.

The Baroness rose, groping a little as she made her way toward the boy. Gently she brushed back a stray lock of hair from his forehead. "You played that sonata correctly and well—but you did *not* play it the way my brother meant it to be played. By

your overemphasis, you made the music seem empty. Let me show you. You have heard Beethoven play it—but I have heard Mozart!"

She smiled up at the tall boy as she took her place before the piano. With sure, deft touch her firm old fingers played the first beautiful notes of the sonata. Her arms scarcely moved as she played. Only the strong fingers were used. The music no longer seemed meager, but charming, delightful, frail in its beauty.

"That is the way Mozart played it," she said as she took her hands from the keyboard.

"It *was* different," the boy admitted, wonderingly. "Your way seems so—so—" He floundered for words to express his meaning. "Your way is so beautiful. But the music masters in Vienna told me that to please concert audiences one must play with force."

The Baroness smiled. "In that case, the Viennese music masters do not know what 'force' means. Force expended is no longer force. There is force only when one does not use up *all* one's energy—when one has something kept back."

She put her arm about the boy's shoulders. "If you will play Mozart, you must know something about his method." With Petro she moved toward the fire, leaning on him a little as she walked. "My eyes grow very dim," she said sadly. "It is good to have someone to lean on, Petro. I grow no younger —the years have taken their toll. Soon I shall be seventy-four."

When they were seated before the fire, the Baroness went on talking about her brother's playing. "He made no great fuss. In his playing, as in his composing, there was the simplicity of true art—no grimaces or false movements in his playing, no unnatural display of technique in his composing. The Emperor Joseph II once picked up a page of one of my brother's compositions and remarked that there were too many notes. 'Exactly as many notes as are necessary, Your Majesty,' Wolfgang replied. So it was with all his music: he knew when he had exactly enough. He did not stop short of that point, and did not overreach it. And when he played, he was thinking always of bringing out the beauty of his music rather than the excellence of his playing."

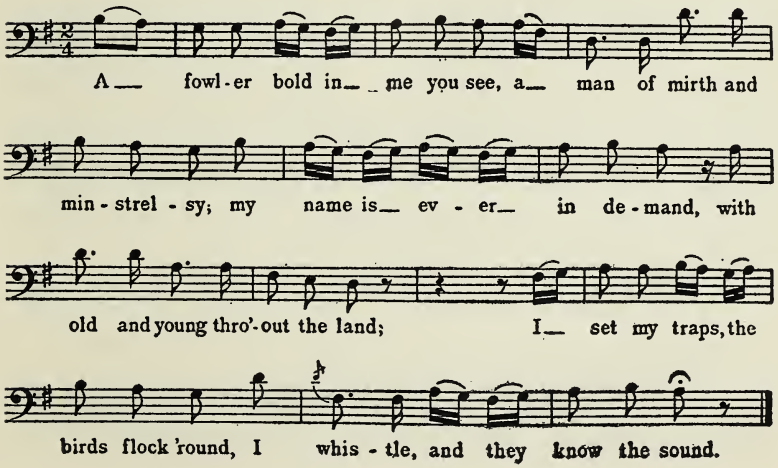
"I am sorry. I did not understand."

The Baroness reached over and patted the boy's hand with a reassuring smile. "*Einmal ist Keinmal* —once does not count! Let me tell you something

more about my brother; for to know his music well you must first know him.

"Before sorrow had touched him, he was always sunny and gay; and even later—when troubles piled up—he could be blithe. In his music there is joyousness, gentle melancholy at times, and always tenderness—a natural, sincere tenderness, never sentimental. My brother was witty, too. He made jokes in his music as he did in his conversation. He could write such things as *The Musical Joke*, in which a string quartet and two horns poke sly fun at the music of a village band.

"How gay he could be, and how lyrical! Do you remember the Fowler's Song in *The Magic Flute?*" The Baroness began the song in her quavering old voice, and the boy's stronger voice, also quavering a little because it was breaking, joined in.


A — fowl-er bold in — me you see, a — man of mirth and
min-strel-sy; my name is — ev-er — in de-mand, with
old and young thro'-out the land; I — set my traps, the
birds flock 'round, I whis-tle, and they know the sound.

Katherine poked her head around the door and opened her eyes in mock astonishment. "What are you two up to now?" she asked, her broad face wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, it is such fun, Katherine!" The little old lady's dim eyes seemed to brighten. "It brings back the old days, when we were all at home in the house on the Getreidegasse."

"I was afraid it might be early for supper," Katherine teased; "but I see that you are using up so much energy in singing that my *Wienerschnitzel* will be needed right now. Fine singers need fine food; for remember, 'Man is what he eats.' "

"*Wienerschnitzel!*" the boy exclaimed. "I will help you bring it in."

"Oh, you are expecting a huge feast," Katherine said. "Well, come along. I'll not trust you with my *Wienerschnitzel*, but you may carry the coffee."

The boy dropped the seriousness of the musician and became a teasing youth. When the two returned, Katherine was carrying a huge tray of steaming food, while Petro balanced the coffee-pot precariously, threatening to pour its contents on the rug or down Katherine's back, according to his fancy.

"*Ach*, he is a bad one," Katherine beamed. She set the tray on a low table before the Baroness.

"Both bad and good, Katherine," the little old lady corrected. She removed a snowy napkin from

around the rolls. Katherine returned to her duties in the kitchen.

The Baroness and the boy, like hungry children, enjoyed the meal of poppy-seeded rolls and golden-crusted *Wienerschnitzel.* The little old lady chatted about her childhood.

"After our visit to Paris, my father and mother took us to London. When we embarked at Calais to cross the Channel, the packet-boat was overcrowded and so Papa had to hire a private boat. We were able to take four other passengers with us, and they shared the expense.

"The crossing was very rough. It was the first time that we had made a real ocean trip. Mama was quite sick, and Papa did not feel too well. How tired we all were before we sighted the chalk cliffs of Dover! We had to board a smaller vessel in order to land, and I remember how vexed Papa was to have to pay extra passage for this service.

"We took lodgings with a Mr. Couzens, a hair-cutter in Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane. Though he was very thoughtful of our comfort all during our stay, our rooms were damp and cheerless, especially when the fogs came in; and we were often sick with colds.

"Very soon we appeared before King George III and Queen Charlotte, who made us a gift of twenty-four guineas. They were very kind to us, and invited

us several times to play for them. The King, who was of German descent, was very fond of German music. He often asked my brother to play the compositions of Bach and Händel at sight, and never ceased marveling at this display of skill.

"The King and Queen were always gracious. Once, when we dressed up in our new English clothes to walk through St. James's Park, their Majesties bowed to us from their carriage. The King leaned out to remark how different little Wolfgang looked in street dress—he had never seen him in anything but the formal laces and satins of court costume.

"We made our public début in the Great Room in Spring Gardens near St. James's Park. The concert was on the King's birthday, which Papa chose in the hope of drawing a greater crowd on this national holiday, and was announced in *The Public Advertiser*. Papa kept a copy of the announcement, as he did of all our advance notices, and I still have it."

The little old lady rose and crossed the room to an oak writing-desk, from a drawer of which she drew a yellowed clipping. "Read it aloud," she told Petro.

As the boy read, there clung to the phrases of the advertisement a flavor of that old London where Doctor Samuel Johnson had starved on Grub Street while he wrote a play to pay the funeral expenses of his mother; where David Garrick trod the boards

of Drury Lane; where Edmund Burke in the year of the Stamp Act talked politics in his favorite coffee-house; where Reynolds and Gainsborough painted fashionable portraits; where improvident Oliver Goldsmith piled up debts in his genial way.

Papa Mozart had written with much care and thought:

For the Benefit of
Miss Mozart of Eleven and
Master Mozart of Seven Years of Age
Prodigies of Nature

This method is therefore taken to show the Public the greatest Prodigy that Europe or that even Human Nature can boast of. Everybody will be struck with Admiration to hear them, and particularly to hear a young boy of Seven Years of Age play on the Harpsichord with such Dexterity and Perfection. It surpasses all Understanding and all Imagination; and it is hard to say whether his Execution upon the Harpsichord and his playing at Sight or his own Compositions are the most astonishing. His Father brought him to England not doubting that he must meet with success in a Kingdom, where his countryman Händel received during his life-time such particular Protection. Tickets at Half a Guinea each to be had of Mr. Mozart at Mr. Couzens', Haircutter, in Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane.

"We played also for the benefit of a public charity at Ranelagh on the Thames. At that time Ranelagh was the pleasure garden of London. We played in the great rotunda while the people walked round and round, stopping now and then at the booths to

eat. Our audience milled about and talked all the while we played. Papa was very angry that they paid no attention to little Wolfgang. He remarked contemptuously how well-fed the English were. Later we walked along the winding paths of Ranelagh. There were fountains and ruins and bronze deer and colored lanterns everywhere. By night it seemed a fairyland to Wolfgang and me.

"As we made our way back to our rooms, Papa was very uneasy; for there was no protection for persons out late at night. One's own link-boy might be in league with a band of cutpurses. These thieves roamed the streets at night, unmolested by the elderly nightwatchmen, and lay in wait to set upon the pleasure-seekers from Ranelagh and Vauxhall. The streets were very dark, and shadows started out at us from doorways. Our footsteps echoed alarmingly in the narrow, winding thoroughfares, and we shivered at the approach of every cloaked form. But at last we arrived home without greater mishap than Papa's having stumbled and nearly fallen over a pile of refuse.

"Presently, when Papa became very ill, we moved out of London to Chelsea, where we lodged in the house of a Doctor Randal in Fivefields Row. There Wolfgang and I had something of a holiday. There was a garden that we could play in all morning; for Papa was at first so ill that we could not

practice our music. We dug in the dirt, made canals and bridged them with willow twigs, and planted little formal beds like those we had seen at Ranelagh.

"In the afternoons Wolfgang composed sonatas. We sat together in the bay-window. While I knitted mufflers for Papa and Mama, my brother wrote busily, chatting all the while about the parts he was writing. It bothered him not at all to have Mama or me talk to him while he composed, though he would interrupt us every now and again to hum some snatch of song for us or to ask that we remind him to give the French horns plenty to do.

"In November a volume of these compositions was published and presented to the Queen, who was so pleased that she sent my brother a gift of fifty guineas. Then the British Museum asked Wolfgang to present the Library with some of his work. He gave his published sonatas and the manuscript of a specially composed madrigal with English words: *God Is Our Refuge and Strength.*

"After a while we moved back to London, where we gave private performances at our own rooms and at the Swan and Hoop Tavern in Cornhill.

"Then something happened that made Papa very angry. The Honorable Daines Barrington spread the story all over London that Wolfgang was an impostor —a girl dressed as a boy and much older than he seemed to be. Papa determined to prove Barring-

ton's statement false. First he sent to Salzburg for Wolfgang's birth certificate, and then he insisted on Barrington's testing my brother's ability.

"For this test Barrington put before Wolfgang an intricate composition written for voices and instruments, and told him to play it at sight, reading all the staffs at once. Wolfgang seized the manuscript eagerly, sat down at the piano, played the instrumental parts perfectly, and at the same time—using them as accompaniment—sang the tenor part in his childish voice and gave a sketchy indication of the other voice parts. This feat convinced Barrington, as well it might! His comment afterward was: 'The extraordinary powers of the boy are not exaggerated or legendary.' You see, Papa was never one to let the grass grow under his feet!

"Before we left England, we met Johann Christian Bach, youngest son of the great Johann Sebastian, a good-natured, charming fellow and an excellent musician. As he was especially familiar with the ornate Italian style of music, he taught Wolfgang something of this type, which my brother was later to develop to perfection in his Italian operas.

"When the sunny English days had turned into dismal rain and fog, we left for Holland, where Wolfgang had been commanded to play before the Prince of Orange. At Lille we had to interrupt our trip; for little Mozart fell ill of a fever. Papa and

Mama were very anxious, and did not leave my brother alone for a moment. The long days and nights were full of worry, and Papa and Mama scarcely put their heads to a pillow.

"Finally, Wolfgang grew better. His first rational thought was for his music. When his thin hand was barely strong enough to hold a quill, he called for his board and paper and sat propped up in bed, composing. He looked like a little ghost, so pale and transparent that he seemed scarcely earthly.

"After four weeks we continued our journey through Ghent and entered The Hague. Here I became very ill, in my turn. I came so near death's door that a priest administered the Last Sacrament. I can well remember, mixed with the fantastic dreams that fever brought, the sorrowful voices of Papa and Mama telling me of the evils of this world and the glories of the world beyond. But here I am," the Baroness said; "and—strangely enough—the only one left of the family.

"We were always traveling in those days—getting up before dawn to catch diligences and stage-coaches, and arriving at cold inns in the dead of night, unable to procure food from churlish landlords. During these long, tiresome journeys Wolfgang would amuse himself by imagining a kingdom where only children lived and he was King. He pictured to himself how the houses would look, with brightly painted

gables and window boxes of colorful flowers, and how clean the streets would be. There would be plenty of food and shelter for all. There would be no beggars, he decided; no worry about money. The children would raise gardens and make their own fantastic clothes; and everyone would love music. This kingdom he called 'Rücken,' and it was so clear in his mind that he had Papa draw maps showing where the streets were and where the Cathedral stood. These imaginings amused him on the long journey from Holland to Paris, to Lyons, through Berne and Zürich, to Ulm and Dillengen, and Salzburg at last.

"How good it was to get home! The coach drew up before our own house, and soon the street was filled with Hagenauers bidding us welcome. Frau Hagenauer had taken care of Herr Canari and Frau Katze for us, and she ran in at once to get them, to show us how fat and glossy they had become. Theresa called to us from the top of the stairs. She had a bright fire in the kitchen, and a pot of soup cooking. There was black pudding for me, and capon for little Mozart.

"The only thing that marred the happiness of our homecoming was that Wolfgang's good friend, Dominicus Hagenauer, had turned monk. Wolfgang wept bitterly; for he thought that his friend was lost to him forever. Papa was impatient with him and told him that Dominicus was not dead simply

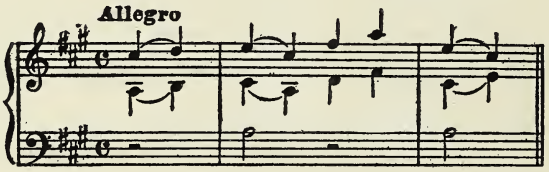
because he had become a monk. Wolfgang vowed he would go to St. Peter's to see Dominicus the very next day.

"Herr Hagenauer gave us a welcome-home party that evening. Schachtner and Wentzel and Adlgasser played, and Herr Haffner and Elizabeth Haffner and all the other Salzburg friends came to dance. They stamped and pounded the floor until I am sure it sagged. There never were people in all the world to equal our native Salzburgers for jollity and good nature.

"My brother settled down at once to study and compose. Very soon he began work on his first opera —a light, whimsical piece called *Bastien and Bastienne*. This opera was produced when he was eleven years old on the private stage of a Viennese friend of ours, a Dr. Mesmer. The libretto was based on a parody, by Madame Favart, of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's play, *Le Devin du Village*. It is a delicate little story of simple country lovers who are jealous and confident by turns and who are aided in their amusing little schemes by the wise old soothsayer of the village. The music my brother wrote is as light and amusing as the pastoral story. Some of the arias show promise of the great art which Mozart was later to bring to comic opera. In *Bastien and Bastienne* there is the singing, lyrical quality and the humor which made *The Marriage of Figaro* immortal."

The sun's rays had faded from the room, and the firelight began to cast vague shadows on the wall. Katherine came in to add fuel to the fire. While she lighted the lamp, the Baroness turned to the boy. "You have just time before you leave to play one of the jolly Salzburg tunes for me, Petro," she said.

The boy went obediently to the piano. If all the citizens of Salzburg had been dancing in that room, it could not have created any greater feeling of celebration. The boy's music was inspired; it seemed to whirl and dance, and stamp and laugh.



The little old lady chuckled to herself as she kept time with one finger to the rollicking tune, and Katherine lifted her skirts and danced a few mincing steps. The room was filled with laughter, out of all proportion to the number of the merrymakers. Perhaps the ghosts of Herr Hagenauer's party had come back to join in the frolic.

V

THE fire was roaring in the great chimney. Outside, an increasing wind swept the fallen leaves along the cobblestoned street and swirled them into bleak corners. The little garden was deserted and dispirited. Only a few yellow blossoms had escaped the autumn frost, and the dead leaves of the vines rasped along the wall. Dark

storm clouds were gathering gloomily overhead.

Inside, the kitchen was snug and warm. Katherine piled another log on the fire. When she lifted the huge cover of the kettle on the crane, the appetizing odor of spice and fruit filled the room.

Petro, who sat on the hearth watching her, sniffed the fragrant steam and hugged his lean, bony knees closer under his chin. "Will the pudding soon be done?" he asked.

Katherine looked sidewise at him and smiled. "That growing body of yours will give you no peace now for many a long year," she observed. "You are lengthening out like a stork. You shall have your slice of pudding, never fear," she added.

A heavy gust of wind rattled the shutters furiously, and the first few drops of cold rain pelted the low roof. The boy ran to the window and peered out through the half-open shutter.

"See, Katherine," he called. "The sky is full of ravens and crows wheeling round and round."

"They are witches, child," Katherine told him gravely. "Don't you know they bring the storm? They bewitched this morning's flurry of rain and made it fall black on the white clothes I had hung on the lines."

The renewed fury of the wind shook the house. Katherine paused in her work to listen. "Hark to the far-traveled one!" she said. "Odin will be riding

tonight with the dead souls. I have no doubt that before morning Mother Holda will begin plucking her geese."

"Then the ground will be white," said the boy musingly. "I am glad; for it will soon be St. Nikolaus Day."

The boy fell silent. Katherine moved across the room to an old kitchen dresser where cheerful-colored plates were ranged in prim rows. As she dusted the crockery carefully, she now and then glanced at the boy before the fire. The wind began to whine in the chimney, and a sudden lawless gust swept ashes and live embers into the room. Katherine laughed to see Petro so rudely awakened from his reverie, and went to fetch the broom to tidy the hearth.

Petro moved restlessly about the room. The wind had made him nervous. Finally, he went over to an old chair where his violin lay in its case. He began to play, softly at first, then with more spirit. More quickly and yet more quickly his bow danced across the strings. There was wildness in the music, and something spontaneous that bespoke its impromptu composition. The music became fierce, as if it were vying with the wind. As the storm mounted, the music reached a tempestuous rhythm. Katherine turned from the steaming pot on the hearth and with ladle in hand stood listening. Suddenly there was a

lull in the wind and the music dropped into a quieter strain.

"Bravo! Bravo!" The Baroness stood in the kitchen doorway. A little shawl covered her thin shoulders, and her wide skirts stood out over her heavy winter petticoats. Katherine hastened to pull a chair up before the fire for her mistress, and the boy ran to place a cushion at her back.

"I heard you playing," the Baroness said. "You did well. You will be worthy to study in Italy after Christmas."

Petro smiled his appreciation of the compliment. He seated himself at her feet, and fell to dreaming as he watched the flames dancing up the chimney. He hugged his knees closer to him and in the fire saw the ancient ruins of Rome and the hazelnut groves of Avellino. Katherine went silently about her work, and the little old lady dreamed of another boy who had gone to Italy. She broke the silence abruptly.

"It was in December that my brother first went to Italy."

The boy looked up eagerly. "I'd love to hear about it."

"So you shall. Well, I did not go with Wolfgang to Rome. He and Papa went together while Mama, Theresa, and I stayed at home. First they went to Verona, where they stayed two weeks. It

was there that Cignaroli painted the life-size portrait of Wolfgang. Then they went to Mantua. The Italian winter was cold, and Papa and my brother suffered while traveling in the draughty diligences and coaches.

"On the way to Milan they passed through Cremona. That is where the famous Stradivari once made beautiful violins. In Milan they stayed with the Augustine Fathers of St. Marco, and there too they met Count Firmian, whose elder brother had preceded Sigismund as Archbishop of Salzburg. Count Firmian took an interest in my brother, and gave him a beautiful set of Metastasio's works. Wolfgang set three of this poet's songs to music and presented the compositions to the Count.

"It was carnival time in Milan. Wolfgang and Papa had to dress themselves in the traditional carnival costume, which consisted of a cloak and hood covering the head and falling down over the shoulders. Papa wrote that Wolfgang was very handsome in his costume, and this fact seemed to console Papa somewhat for the expense of the carnival dress. Papa decided also that the costumes could be later used for all sorts of things, such as linings, neckties, and scarves. Wolfgang used to say that for years he never dressed without putting on some garment which was a souvenir of the Milan Carnival!" The Baroness

laughed, then added seriously, "We always had to be thrifty in our household.

"At Florence, Wolfgang met a handsome young English boy named Thomas Lindley. He was a violinist, and my brother thought him a genius. They became great friends, going to the cafés and theaters and studying music together. Later the young English boy was drowned, and my brother grieved for him a long time.

"Papa and Wolfgang arrived in Rome during Holy Week. The beautiful Easter Festival began on Palm Sunday. Wolfgang later described to Mama and me how the worshipers flocked to St. Peter's and to the picturesque Church of St. John Lateran, which is the oldest church in Rome.

"Wolfgang went to St. Peter's to see the ceremony of Blessing the Palms. The magnificent cathedral was crowded to overflowing. Hundreds of people pressed forward trying to get a glimpse of the altar. Gay flowers were everywhere, and the music exulted and rejoiced. Great branches of palm and olive were blessed by the priests, and these were passed to the congregation, who broke off twigs to take home with them.

"A procession of all the clergy was formed to leave the church. First came the priests in their drab cassocks. They were followed by the bishops, wearing liturgical miters and carrying the pastoral staffs.

Then came the archbishops in quiet dignity, each wearing the lamb's-wool pallium with the four purple crosses. Last of all walked a Cardinal, with low-crowned red hat, flame-colored cape, and purple cassock; one white, scholarly hand was extended to display the sapphire ring of his office. The procession passed through the wide bronze doors, singing 'Glory and Praise and Honor be to Thee!'

"At the entrance to the Vatican Palace stood His Holiness the Pope, with arms outstretched as he bestowed his blessing on the long line of little girls who had received their First Communion. The young girls reminded Wolfgang of Easter lilies as they stood in the white purity of their veils and flowing dresses.

"Then later, on Easter Eve, priests walked through the streets visiting the humble homes and blessing the food to be eaten on Easter, while all the church bells rang to celebrate the coming of the Festival of the Resurrection.

"On Easter morning, High Mass was held at St. Peter's. As Papa and Wolfgang walked to the great cathedral, they were grieved to see the crowds of beggars in filthy rags. These poor, unhappy souls were clustered at every cross-street to beg for alms, their wretched poverty contrasting sharply with the wealth represented by the fine carriages passing by. Their supplications were a rebuke to the city in the

sunshine and peace of the Easter morning, when the air was filled with the ringing of bells in celebration of the Resurrection. The beggars lined the square before the cathedral, they clutched at the clothes of the worshipers, they scrambled for the coins tossed to them. My brother was so touched by the sight that he emptied his purse!

"It was on the Wednesday before Easter that little Mozart—he was only four years older than you are now—accomplished one of his most amazing feats. It took place in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, for which the great Michael Angelo painted *The Creation of Earth and of Man*, *The Entrance of Sin Into the World*, and *The Flood*. You must know that it was the custom for the Chapel choir, on Wednesday and Friday of Holy Week, to perform the beautiful *Miserere* by Allegri—a composition which at that time was jealously guarded; it could never be sung at any other place, and the singers knew that if they took their parts out of the Chapel, they would be excommunicated.

"It was here that Papa took Wolfgang on Wednesday night in Holy Week. The solemn service for that night is called *Tenebrae*, which means 'Shadows.' The *Tenebrae* are followed by the singing of the *Miserere*, which means 'Have Mercy.' During the service there are six tall candles on the altar. One by one these are extinguished until only

one is left, and it is almost in complete darkness that the *Miserere* begins. A single voice sings a short introduction. Then comes a profound silence. When the notes of the supplication are heard, they are like anguished wailings. The supplications grow, and the whole building vibrates with the intensity of the music.

"Wolfgang was very silent when he and Papa went back to their rooms that night. My brother could not sleep for thinking of the lamenting notes of the *Miserere*. At length he got up and lit a lamp and took out pen and paper. All the long night he wrote, and in the morning there was set down from memory all the parts of that forbidden composition! On Good Friday he went to hear the *Miserere* again, and when he returned home, he made a few corrections in his score.

"Soon all Rome learned of my brother's feat, and marveled. Many were afraid that the Pope would be angry, but he was only amazed at the Heaven-sent ability which had given to so young a boy so astonishing a musical memory.

"After Easter, Papa and Wolfgang went to Naples. They traveled by diligence in the same carriage with four Augustinian Friars. These good men were able to procure them a hospitable reception in the convents along the way.

"In Naples they were introduced to the Court.

Queen Caroline was very friendly, but the King did not care for music, and would not permit any playing at Court. Wolfgang wrote us a letter telling about the coarse Neapolitan manners of this ruler. However, the nobles of the city vied with each other in entertaining my brother. When he played at the Conservatory of Pietà, the agility of his left hand amazed the audience. They could not believe that there could be such skill without witchcraft and declared that the ring which Wolfgang wore was a charm. When he drew off the ring and played more brilliantly than before, they acclaimed his performance with shouts of 'Bravo' and 'It is genius!'

"In June my father and Wolfgang returned to Rome, traveling by post in twenty-seven hours. In the last stage, the postilion whipped the horses brutally, so that one of them became frightened and upset the carriage, and Papa was slightly injured. The trip was so hazardous and so tiring that when they arrived in Rome, my brother fell sound asleep on the first chair he dropped into. Poor Papa, bruised and aching though he was, had to undress Wolfgang and put him to bed. Papa laughed next morning when Wolfgang woke up and could not remember that he was in Rome rather than Naples.

"This time in Rome Wolfgang was given the Cross of the Order of the Golden Spur. The decoration, which he received from the hands of the Pope

himself, gave him the right to add 'Cavaliere' before his name—though he never did so seriously.

"Then they went to Bologna, where they met two famous musicians to whom they had been introduced earlier in the year—Padre Martini, who was at that time recognized as the most learned of musical scholars, and the renowned singer, Farinelli. These men were at the head of the famous musical institution in Bologna known as the Accademia Filarmonica. Membership in this academy was the highest honor a musician could attain. Padre Martini insisted that Wolfgang take the entrance test, which was so severe that only a few of the very finest musicians were ever able to pass it.

"When Wolfgang arrived at the Academy, there was a huge throng of spectators gathered outside. All Bologna was astir and eager to know the fate of the youngest candidate ever to take the examination. They welcomed him with cries of 'Evviva!'

"Wolfgang was very calm and confident. If he failed, he would be considered only a mediocre musician—but he knew that he would not fail. The judges were very dignified. After a few instructions, they rose solemnly and handed the youthful candidate a paper containing the test: he was to write an arrangement for four voices of an antiphon, and he must do this in a room by himself within three hours. Wolfgang took the paper and, bowing low to the offi-

cials, followed the guard to the designated room and was locked in.

"In half an hour the guard returned to the judges' room, pale and uneasy. 'I am almost afraid to tell you,' he said, 'but the young Mozart has given the signal that he has completed the test.'

" 'Impossible!' cried the judges. 'He must have failed!'

"But when Wolfgang returned to the big hall, his manner was easy and careless, and he was smiling. Papa said that one look into Wolfgang's eyes told him that it had been success—not failure.

"Once again Wolfgang was locked in the writing room, and the judges began their examination of his work. Nearly an hour had passed, when suddenly Wolfgang heard someone outside hurrying toward the locked door. Padre Martini burst in. There were tears of joy in his eyes. 'My son,' he cried, 'you have succeeded!'

"When Wolfgang entered the large hall, the members of the Academy rose. They clapped their hands and shouted, 'Evviva il Maestro!' The good news was announced from a balcony to the multitude outside. They took up the shout, 'Evviva il Maestro! Evviva il Cavaliere Filarmonico!'

"Young Mozart was the idol of the Italians—recognized at last as a genius."

There was a proud light in the old lady's eyes

as she ended her narrative; and Petro—though greatly excited by its drama—found no words to express his feelings. The two sat silently gazing into the fire. Outside, the rain had turned to flat, white flakes. Mother Holda was plucking her geese.

VI

THE Baroness sat in her favorite high-backed chair before the kitchen fire. Katherine was at the opposite side of the chimney corner, winding yarn. Petro sprawled on the floor, his hands outstretched to hold the skein of wool for her. Outside was a white world, and the sky was still leaden, holding promise of more snow.

Petro was describing the concerts he had attended during his recent visit in Vienna, pleasing the old lady by his enthusiasm for some of her brother's compositions that he had heard then for the first time, played by a great orchestra.

"So you like the G minor Symphony, do you, Petro?" she commented. "Yes—everybody always likes that one; it is so bright and tuneful. Let me see whether you remember it. How does the first movement go? Whistle it for me."

The boy puckered his lips obediently and began the tune that opens the symphony.

"Good," the Baroness pronounced. "You sound as though you had listened well. Now—can you recall the Finale?"

Petro puckered again, making both the Baroness and Katherine smile because he tried to pucker and laugh at the same time.

The Baroness and Katherine clapped, and the old lady cried, "Excellent! Soon you must get ac-

quainted, too, with the symphony in E flat, which I always liked even better. That, like the G minor, was one of the three great symphonies that Mozart wrote during the last years of his life. The third is the one they call the *Jupiter* because it is so grand. It is the E flat that contains one of my brother's most famous minuets. I cannot whistle, Petro, but you must let me hum it for you.

Oh, dear, I am afraid that I started at too high a pitch to reach those last notes! But you must not smile. Some day I will do it better for you on the clavier. Perhaps you will even learn to play it yourself.

"But I was telling you, the last time you came in, about my brother's visit to Italy, so many years before these symphonies were written. They returned from Italy, Papa and Wolfgang, in March. Wolfgang was fifteen, and he was already a famous musician and composer. Papa went back to his duties at the Archbishop's Court, and Wolfgang settled down to composing.

"Though life at home seemed very quiet after the excitement of his Italian trip, the calm atmosphere of Salzburg soothed him. He enjoyed helping

Theresa in the garden, as he had done when he was a little boy. Sometimes in the late afternoon he would climb the Kapuzinerberg with his friend, Dominicus Hagenauer, and there the two boys—one in somber monk's garb, the other in lace ruffles and peruke—would sit talking until the bells of the churches below sounded the Angelus.

"A sunshiny morning would find my brother making his way to the Stiftskeller, through St. Peter's graveyard with its old tombstones and vaults. At the Keller, Wolfgang would have lunch under the watchful eyes of St. Peter, who looked down upon the rude tables and benches from his marble fountain.

"As summer approached, he would often take his copy books and find a shady spot on the banks of the Salzach. There he would dream and write out the melody which had been singing in his head weeks before. Strangely enough, Mozart did not draw his inspiration from nature; his music was always as abstract as the mathematics that he loved. In later years, he became very impatient with those who wanted to 'name' his compositions—as though they were pictures, or books; and he scorned those lesser musicians who thought to imitate in music the babbling brooks and the songbirds. It was ridiculous, he insisted, to attempt in music the images which were proper to other forms of art.

"In August, Papa and Wolfgang returned to

Italy. The Archduke Ferdinand of Milan, who was the son of Empress Maria Theresa, had ordered the production of the Serenata called *Ascanio in Alba.* This was a sort of ballet-masque, and my brother had written some very tuneful and pleasant music for it. I had met Ferdinand when as a young girl I visited in Vienna. I remember that he flirted outrageously with me." The little old lady's eyes twinkled, and her cheeks grew faintly pink. "When Wolfgang was in Milan, the Archduke remembered to ask about me.

"Papa and Wolfgang returned home again in December. On the same day, our Archbishop Sigismund died. All Salzburg was dismayed to learn that the new Prince-Archbishop was to be Hieronymus von Colloredo, Bishop of Gurk. By reputation he was known to us as a very cruel and unjust man. I remember the day of his enthronement. The Salzburgers gathered to see the procession, but when the *Te Deum* was sung they greeted it with a sullen silence. One boy did cheer, and got his ears boxed by a citizen who rebuked him for cheering 'while the people weep.' And the people had cause to weep," the little Baroness sighed; "Papa and Wolfgang most of all, for Colloredo was a harsh man, and very arrogant.

"Papa and Wolfgang went to Italy in October for the last time. Wolfgang was to write an opera, *Lucio Silla.* Though the music was good enough, it

proved a dismal failure. In the first place, the performance began two hours late on the opening night, which greatly displeased the Archduke. What was more, the singers were ill at ease, the prima donna was jealous of one of the other performers, and the tenor acted like a clown and amused the audience when he should have impressed them. It was all very disappointing. Mozart never again went to Italy.

"They returned to Salzburg in March, and for the next four years Mozart was at home. He worked very hard, always composing. He scarcely spoke to the townspeople—he suspected them of sneering at his failure in Italy, and he was very sensitive. He resented everything in Salzburg, and he almost hated the Archbishop for his ill-treatment of Papa.

"However, just when everything looked the blackest for my brother, he had a piece of good luck: the Elector of Bavaria invited him to write a comic opera to be presented during the carnival in Munich. Oh, how happy Wolfgang was while he was composing this opera, *La Finta Giardiniera!* Music sang in his head day and night. Every evening Papa, Mama, and I would listen to the themes he had set down during the day. Then he would elaborate these themes into arias and duets and choruses. It was so exciting, and we were all so delighted when at last the opera was finished!

"It was decided that Papa and I should go with Wolfgang to Munich. Poor Mama and Theresa were nearly out of their heads, what with getting our clothes ready and listening to our plans for the holiday. I think Mama was a little sad because she could not go with us, but she did not complain; she was glad that Mozart was to have the chance to prove his ability among his own people.

"When we arrived in Munich, I was taken to board by a widow who lived in a large house in the old marketplace. Papa and Wolfgang took rooms nearer the Palace. Rehearsals of the opera began at once. What exciting days those were! Wolfgang ran up a hundred times a day to tell me how the scenes were progressing, and Papa was as busy as a cranberry merchant. All we could think of was the opera. Even in our sleep we hummed bits of it and planned new stage effects. We had decided among us that this was to be the most marvelous performance that ever was.

"At last the wonderful night came. Hours before the opening, Papa and I were dressed and waiting, for we both felt anxious; but there was no sign of Wolfgang. What could be keeping him? Papa got more and more worried, and I kept thinking of the hundred accidents that might have befallen my brother. Perhaps he had been taken ill on the street. Perhaps he had been knocked down by a runaway

horse. He was such a dreamer that he scarcely noticed where he was at any time. Perhaps some jealous rival—but this thought was too terrible!

"I went to my room and knelt down and prayed to our Dear Lady to bring my brother safely home. Just as I finished saying my Rosary, the door burst open and in rushed Mozart, breathless from hurrying. He had been detained at the opera house because both orchestra and players had depended on him to iron out last-minute difficulties. And now there was just time enough for him to jump into the rich satin costume that Papa had given him for the occasion.

"I remember that Wolfgang's hand trembled as he slipped it through my arm. How *young* he was —scarcely nineteen years old! How his eyes shone, and how dead-white his face was! I realized that he was apprehensive: Would the opera be a success, or would it be a failure?

"When we entered the opera house, everyone stared curiously at us. I was very proud, because Mozart was my brother. Suddenly the orchestra began to play the beautiful opening music. The curtain rose. We scarcely dared breathe as the light, romantic story unfolded itself to my brother's exquisite music. Almost before we realized what had happened, the audience was cheering wildly. The opera was a success! They called for Mozart to

come up on the stage. There he stood, smiling a little and bowing, with a blaze of light shining upon his beautiful face. I cried a little into my new lace handkerchief. There were tears in Papa's eyes, too.

"Our stay in Munich was so happy. The Bavarian capital was always gay; in carnival season it went quite mad. The time passed all too quickly, and it was as if we had awakened from a dream when the day finally came for our return to Salzburg.

"How dull our own town seemed after the gaiety of Munich! Wolfgang was soon very unhappy. The Archbishop had become more overbearing than ever. He refused to give Papa a leave of absence to go with Wolfgang to Vienna, where Papa thought Wolfgang might have better opportunity. Papa did not want my brother to become a slave to the Archbishop. All who worked for this prelate-prince were like slaves; they had no wills of their own.

"Papa scarcely knew what to do. Wolfgang must get away. His life was being wasted at Salzburg, where there was no hope of advancement and no appreciation of his genius. We talked it over around the table at night. Finally, it was decided that Mama and Wolfgang should go away—to Paris.

"It was a hard decision to make. Paris was far away, separated from us by hazardous roads and all sorts of dangers. Then, too, the city was large and wicked. During the last week before their departure,

all of us were obsessed with nameless fears. Wolfgang and I took long walks about the town, talking and talking and forever talking, as if we might never see each other again. The night before Mama and Wolfgang left Salzburg, my brother persuaded me to go for one last walk. The bags were packed and standing beside the door in the hall, and Papa and Mama and Theresa were talking in low tones in the kitchen.

"I slipped my cape on because the nights had grown chill. My brother said I looked like a little gray night-owl. The moonlight lay like silver on the trees and on the road. 'Let us go to the old bridge; it will be a long time before I hear the Bull of Hohensalzburg by moonlight again,' my brother said. We turned our steps toward the river road, and soon the Salzach lay like a glittering ribbon before us. Everything was black shadow, and molten silver where the moonlight lay.

"We leaned against one of the parapets of the bridge and talked. Foot passengers crossing the bridge looked at us curiously. We stood there until the Glockenspiel played its music-box airs. Then the huge organ at the castle, the Bull of Hohensalzburg, poured forth a mighty hymn. We listened until the music had died away in echoes. We had fallen into a silence, which we did not break as we walked home.

"We were up early next morning, ready for the

coach. How brave Mama was! She loved our quiet home and hated to leave it. All her friends were in Salzburg. She had never been away from Papa for very long, and she loved him dearly. But he had decided that the trip was necessary, and Mama, as always, obeyed his wish. I can see her now on that bleak September morning as she stepped into the chaise, which all of us had made sacrifices to pay for. She was so pretty! Papa had bought her a new green suit, and Theresa had made her a hat to match it, trimmed with long, graceful plumes. Mama was very proud, though she almost spoiled the effect by weeping until her nose was quite red!

"Wolfgang was miserable, too, though he pretended to be a man of the world. As for Papa and me, it seemed as if we could not stand the separation. Indeed, Papa was so upset that he forgot to give them his blessing until after the carriage had disappeared in the autumn mist.

"When they were gone, the familiar rooms seemed very empty. Even Theresa had gone away, to stay with her sister. Papa moped and said nothing, and I cried all day. Perhaps we had a presentiment that we should never see our dear Mama again."

The little old lady paused for a moment, seeming to have forgotten that her story was not yet done. Then, suddenly, she resumed.

"Wolfgang wrote many letters telling us about

the trip. They stopped first in Munich. Then they went to Augsburg, where they stayed at 'The Lamb' in the Kreuzgasse. There they visited our uncle and cousin. This cousin, whom Wolfgang always called Das Bäsle, introduced my brother to a merry crowd of young people in Augsburg. The Mozarts in Augsburg had been bookbinders for centuries, and Augsburg had been Papa's home as a boy. Old friends flocked to see Mama, and there were gay parties and much visiting back and forth.

"Before Wolfgang left Augsburg, he visited the celebrated builder of organs and harpsichords, Georg Andreas Stein, who had perfected the instrument which came to be known as the *piano-forte*. When my brother tried the new instrument, he was delighted with its mechanism and with the effects that could be produced on it. He was also impressed by Stein's sincerity as a craftsman, and used to say of him, 'Stein works with his eye on the musician's needs—never merely in his own interest.' And afterwards, Wolfgang always used the Stein pianos in his concerts.

"In October, Mama and Wolfgang went to Mannheim, where there was an excellent orchestra. My brother marveled at how much finer the musicians of that city were than the coarse Italian fellows at our Archbishop's Court. While in Mannheim, my brother made many friends, among them Cannabich,

the director of the orchestra, and Fridolin Weber, Court copyist.

"Wolfgang liked this man Weber very much. He used to go home with him in the evenings. The Webers were very poor, but they had happy-go-lucky dispositions. They were musical, too, and kind to my brother. At these evening gatherings, Frau Weber would serve coffee and cakes, and the four daughters made the hours pass merrily with singing and dancing. One daughter, Aloysia, sang beautifully. My brother thought she was very pretty, but"—the little old lady added with some spirit—"when I met her several years later, she seemed plain and uninteresting to me. Indeed, Papa and I did not approve of the Webers. Poor Wolfgang married one of the girls later. . . ." Her voice dropped sadly, and—it seemed to the boy—bitterly as well. And suddenly, overcome by some emotion he could not understand, she rose and went out of the room.

Puzzled, Petro looked inquiringly at Katherine.

Katherine shook her head and smiled at him; then—"In all the years that have passed, she hasn't forgotten that girl. I've always thought she was a little jealous."

"Of Aloysia Weber?" he asked. "Did he marry her, then?"

"No—he didn't marry Aloysia. He married—But I think you ought to hear the story. It is a sad

one." Katherine sat down on the stool by the fire and began, with a serious expression that the boy had never before seen on her face.

"The Mozarts were very poor, as perhaps you have guessed. Leopold and Marianne—Wolfgang's father, that is, and his sister Nannerl, our Baroness—had to pinch and scrape in order to send the boy and his mother on the trip to Paris. Those two left at home gave music lessons to pay the others' expenses, and I used to hear my mother tell of how little money they had left over for food after they had sent off the travelers' allowance. Now Nannerl, so I've always heard, had many offers of marriage; for as a girl she was very pretty. But she refused them all, feeling it her duty to help her genius-brother. She wore thrice-turned dresses, and with her father taught lazy *Krautkopfs*—lessons that must have exasperated them, for they were both fine musicians and neither of them had much patience.

"Sometimes I think that those two were pretty hard on poor young Mozart. As he grew up he had anything but an easy time. The grand people of the Courts were no longer interested in him, because he had stopped being a child prodigy. I have always thought, too, that it was a mistake to have his mother go with him to Paris; she was a home-body and made him unhappy by fretting for her friends at home.

"Well, the Webers at Mannheim—how the Bar-

oness has always hated them!—were very good to young Mozart. At their home he could be gay and forget his troubles. All the Webers were musicians. The two older girls, Josefa and Aloysia, sang well. The other sisters, Konstanze and Sophie, were little girls in pigtails, and loved Mozart as if he had been their brother. Aloysia was dark—like your gypsy mother, perhaps. Her dark eyes flashed when she was teasing, and were very sad when she was in a serious mood. She fell in love with Mozart's music —and Mozart fell in love with her. And pretty soon they were betrothed.

"Mozart thought Aloysia the cleverest girl in the world. She played as well as she sang. They spent long hours together at the harpsichord. They made plans for an opera he was going to write for her. They dreamed of going to Italy and making a success there together. During that winter in Mannheim, Mozart trained Aloysia's voice. She was a lucky girl to have the great master himself discover her genius; for young though he was, and unsuccessful, the boy was without doubt the greatest musician in Europe.

"Poor young Mozart—how lonely he must have been! Frau Mozart complained, and his father wrote him scolding letters; they felt that he was not trying hard enough. Perhaps he did waste his time

somewhat—but he was young, and he was in love for the first time.

"When the day came for him to leave Mannheim, he could not bear to think of leaving Aloysia behind. He wrote his father, saying that he planned to be married. Leopold Mozart was furious and frantic. He had heard of the Webers; he knew that they were very poor, and he felt that they would be a drag on his son. He wrote a very stern letter to young Mozart, reminding him of the sacrifices that Nannerl had made to give him his chance. He reproached Wolfgang bitterly and ordered him to go with his mother to Paris.

"Mozart was in despair. He loved Aloysia, and he loved his father and mother and sister. He was grateful for their sacrifices. Can't you imagine how he must have walked the floor all that night, trying to make his decision? When morning came, he knew what he must do. Pale of face and haggard, he went to tell Aloysia that their marriage must be put off until he was making his way in the world. At first she was angry; she said he was very weak to let his father interfere. Finally, though, she agreed that it might be wise to wait, and so Mozart and his mother went to Paris. I can imagine how reproachful Aloysia's eyes were as she waved good-by. Mozart was to learn, like many another young man, that love cannot be lightly cast aside for the sake of a career."

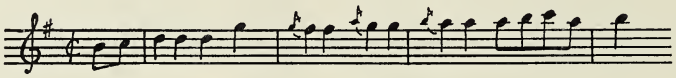
"And did Aloysia die?" Petro asked.

But Katherine only put her finger to her lips and nodded toward the door. The Baroness had returned, and there was no more talk of Mozart that evening.

VII

THE Baroness sat nodding in the window seat. Above her head Herr Starling flicked his tail against his cage and sang lustily. Katherine was dropping large spoonfuls of gingercake dough on a flat pan. The kettle was singing merrily on the hob, and Katherine hummed to herself as she worked. The brilliant morning sun-

shine made the room cheery. Outside, the garden was a cold fairyland of sparkling drifts.



came the Starling's whistle. There was a tap on the window. Katherine bustled over and grinned broadly at the boy standing on the step, a shovel in his hand and a crimson scarf around his neck.

"It is Petro sweeping off our steps," she explained to the Baroness, who had wakened with a start.

"Oh!" The Baroness' eyes brightened. "I was sure I had heard the Starling's whistle."

"The Starling's whistle, yes." Katherine nodded her head. "But it was a snowbird who whistled it."

Katherine hurried back to her cooking. "It is almost time for the *Frühstück.* Petro will be hungry. He is a dear boy." She was in high spirits, and, as she made the coffee, she sang loudly:

Es war eine Mutter,
Sie hatte vier Kinder:
Der Frühling, der Sommer,
Der Herbst, und der Winter.

The Baroness looked something like her own starling as her tiny head made bird-like darts follow-

ing the brisk movements of the boy outside. "He is so thoughtful of us, Katherine. Now you can carry out your ashes without putting on your overshoes. Petro has been a blessing to this household all winter, what with running errands and keeping our steps clear of snow."

At a signal from Katherine, the little old lady beckoned to Petro. "Coffee is ready," she called. His cheeks tingling red with the cold, the boy came in after stamping the snow from his shoes outside.

"God greet you, child!" The Baroness' old face lighted up as Petro crossed the room to sit beside her. "Katherine has been making a great stir to heat the coffee and hurry the gingercakes. But why are you out so early? Have you already done your practicing?"

"It would not come right this morning; so I shut the piano and ran over to earn my breakfast."

"Wise boy," commented Katherine. "When things go wrong, you can often right them by working out-of-doors." With great good humor she thumped a plate of steaming cakes on the table, pulled up two chairs, and—when the boy and the Baroness had sat down—proceeded to wait on them as if they had been babies, urging them to enjoy the hot coffee, and cheerily retailing the gossip gleaned at the market the night before; though when the Baroness began

to talk of her brother, she fell silent and listened as if she had never heard the story.

"It was the second week of a cold March that Wolfgang and Mama left Mannheim for Paris. The journey took nine and a half days over rough roads. They lodged at dreary inns. Mama was very lonely and unhappy, and Wolfgang suffered from severe pain in his head. They were weary and disheveled when at last they came to the end of the journey.

"It was a forbidding city which awaited them. The streets of Paris were all mud and filth. A chill wind was blowing, and the city was gloomy and unfriendly. Mama and Wolfgang took a room in the Hôtel called 'Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon' in the rue Gros Chenet. The room was very tiny and dark, with hardly enough space for the two beds, and none at all for a piano.

"Wolfgang carried letters of introduction to Baron von Grimm, whom we had met when as children we were in Paris. Mama felt that Baron Grimm was not glad to see Wolfgang, but my brother was loath to find fault and tried to find reasons for the Baron's coldness. Nothing that Mama could say had any effect on Wolfgang's stubborn faith, and every morning found him on the Baron's doorstep.

"Grudgingly he introduced my brother to a few influential persons, among them the Duc de Guisnes and his daughter. The girl played the harp well,

and her father foolishly considered her a composer; but, though Mozart struggled valiantly, he could not find that she had one idea in her head. For these two my brother composed a Concerto in C major for the flute and harp. A beautiful thing, this Concerto; which is strange—because it is for the only two instruments that my brother really disliked."

The old lady broke off to ask Katherine to bring the clavier, resuming as she opened it and touched the keys. "I will show you how the first notes go. The harp begins, you see, with two measures, and then is joined by the oboe.

"Mozart spent many a dull hour trying to develop the girl's talent, but she soon wearied of the work and dropped her lessons. For Mozart's teaching, the Duke offered so small a payment that my brother scornfully sent it back.

"Mozart had many such experiences in teaching. The pay was always niggardly, if indeed it was forthcoming at all. The distances in Paris were so great that he had to spend almost all he earned in hiring carriages. He had no choice in the matter; five minutes' walk in the filthy Paris streets would have ruined

his entire costume and made him unfit to present himself at the homes of his wealthy patrons.

"He took one of Grimm's introductions to the Duchesse de Chabot. She made him wait a long while in her cold drawing-room while she and several friends played cards. When the Duchess condescended to listen to Mozart's playing, his hands were numb and stiff with cold. He was asked to play upon a piano that was out of tune, and while he was trying to produce melody on the wretched instrument, the Duchess went on talking and paid no attention. Mozart never accepted her invitation to return.

"Such heartbreaking experiences as these almost made my brother ill. Added to his disappointments was the problem of Mama. She sat all alone day after day in her cold little room, and often she had only half enough to eat. Wolfgang worried because he could not provide for her. He was worried, too, because he had come to realize that Grimm was something of a dissembler and that his influence with the aristocracy was not so great as he would have it appear. Furthermore, Grimm did not appreciate my brother's genius. Grimm thought that genius was the art of being successful and catching the public ear—and *that* my brother could never do. Nor would he humble himself before wealthy boors.

"As a climax to his disappointments, Mama became very ill. This was in May. After a few weeks

she seemed to get better, and Wolfgang's spirits rose. He was not to be happy long, poor child; for in June Mama grew worse and was obliged to keep to her bed. She refused to see any of the French doctors; being a German woman, she distrusted the French. Wolfgang combed the town to find a German surgeon, and when one was found, he proved to be an ignorant man who doctored Mama with rhubarb and wine and refused her the pure water which Wolfgang wanted her to drink.

"Poor Mama daily grew weaker. Wolfgang afterwards told us that she made a pitiful attempt to be cheerful. Finally, there was no money left to buy medicines, and Wolfgang was obliged to go to Baron Grimm for help. The Baron instantly sent his own doctor, but this help came too late. When the priest was sent for to administer the last rites, Mama was resigned and said she had known for a long time that she could not live. With only Wolfgang and an old friend of the family, Heina, at her side, Mama died on the evening of the third of July in 1778.

"My poor brother grieved his heart out that long night. He was young and inexperienced and was facing death for the first time. He was bewildered—in a foreign land, and with no money! When he realized Mama was gone, he was stunned; but he had to be courageous. The arrangements for the

burial must be made, and—still harder—a letter must be written to Papa and me. In the midst of his own grief and distress, Wolfgang could plan how he would soften the blow for us. By the light of one candle he sat in that dismal little room, keeping vigil, and writing Abbé Bullinger, our good friend at St. Peter's Monastery, to ask him to prepare us for the sad news.

"Well do I remember that awful day when Bullinger came to see us. Papa had just begun a letter to Mama with good wishes for her Saint's day. The kind Abbé had no sooner spoken of her serious illness than Papa guessed the whole truth at once, and when he wrote to Wolfgang he said: 'I shall behave like a man. Think what a tender, loving mother you had, even as you will love me more in your maturer years, when I shall be dead.' A few days later Wolfgang's letter came, telling us the whole sad story.

"Grimm was, in his way, very kind to Wolfgang in the days that followed Mama's death. The Baron and his very good friend, Madame D'Épinay, took my brother under their wing. He stayed at the beautiful home of Madame D'Épinay. Every evening at the dinner table some of the most brilliant people of Paris gathered; for Madame D'Épinay's salon was famous and well attended. Wolfgang heard talk of Rousseau and Voltaire and all the new revolutionary ideas which were to bear fruit a dozen years later. The Abbé Galiani scattered his snuff about

and made his witty, sarcastic jokes. The English historian Gibbon visited the salon. Horace Walpole read from his terrifying romance *The Castle of Otranto.* Benjamin Franklin, Minister to France from the newly created United States of America, entertained the company with stories of the colonies and the war which was still in progress there.

"But none of these and none of the other famous people who made themselves at home in Madame D'Épinay's great dining-room ever recognized my brother's genius. To them he was merely an odd, morose creature—my Wolfgang, who among those who loved him could be so gay, so utterly charming!

"You see, he felt so lonely and unsuccessful, so discouraged. He did not fit into that gay French life. Mama's death had made him think seriously, and he was homesick for his own German people. Especially he wanted to see Aloysia Weber, and taste again the happiness of life in Mannheim. Like a lost soul he wandered about the streets of Paris. Wander was all he could do—he had so little money. Occasionally he would receive a commission to compose some music, and at these times he would feel very rich and would go to the famous café called 'Procope' opposite the Comédie-Française. This was the center of philosophic and literary discussions in which the most celebrated writers of the day took part. Here Wolfgang heard more talk of the coming revolution—bold,

dangerous talk, talk filled with hate and contempt for the old traditions and with desire for a new moral, political, and social order.

"Though my brother disliked Paris, he decided to stay there until he could make the French realize his genius. After many disappointments, he was commissioned to write some music for the ballet *Les Petits Riens*—The Little Nothings. When this ballet was performed, the celebrated dancers, Vestris and La Guimard, danced in it. The music was delightful. The ballet was a huge success, but when notices of it appeared in the news journals, my brother's name was not even mentioned. So it was to be, apparently, with everything he tried to do in Paris: he did much work but received little money or honor.

"It was Baron von Grimm who suggested Mozart's return to Salzburg. Perhaps the Baron had tired of my brother's low spirits and his serious manner among the gay people who came to Madame D'Épinay's. He had been in communication with Papa, and had learned that Adlgasser had died and that his place as court organist was open to Wolfgang if he desired it; so he made arrangements for Wolfgang's return home without consulting him. With the briefest of explanations, Grimm presented him with coach tickets. Mozart was hurt and embarrassed, but too proud to let the Baron realize it. He

packed quickly and took stiff leave of Grimm at the diligence.

"Wolfgang hated the thought of going home to Salzburg; so he dallied along the way, hoping that the position which had been offered would be lost to him because of the delay. He went to Mannheim, where he stayed at Frau Cannabich's. There was no musical life left in Mannheim. The Elector, Karl Theodor, had moved his Court from Mannheim to Munich, and Herr Cannabich and the Webers had gone with the Court.

"Papa could not understand why Wolfgang should go to Mannheim, when the chief attraction, Aloysia Weber, had moved to Munich; but I understood. It was in the pleasant old city of Mannheim that Wolfgang had met his first love. He was young and more in love with love than with Aloysia. He wanted to go back to the scene of his romance—to walk along the lime-bordered streets where he and Aloysia had strolled hand in hand, and stop again on the bank of the river where they had talked of their plans for the future. Perhaps something told my brother that his Mannheim dream had ended; none the less he wanted to keep up the pretense as long as possible.

"Papa wrote many letters urging him to hurry home. Despite the fact that Papa disliked all the Webers, he suggested to Wolfgang that it might be

possible to find a position for Aloysia in the Archbishop's Court. He thought that this hope would bring my brother home at once. Instead, Wolfgang went to Munich.

"Wolfgang arrived in Munich on Christmas Day and went at once to the Webers. How changed things were! The Webers were no longer paupers. During Wolfgang's absence in Paris, Aloysia had become a famous singer, employed at a good salary. She was entertaining a brilliant company when my brother arrived. Wolfgang was poorly dressed, wearing the livery of a court musician—red and black, the French mourning colors. He was suddenly ill at ease among Aloysia's guests. Aloysia was more beautiful than ever, and she was talking and laughing just as Madame D'Épinay's guests had talked and laughed when Wolfgang was grieving over Mama's death. Her manner shocked him.

"Wolfgang went directly to her. At first she pretended not to know him. One of the admirers surrounding her asked, 'Who is this gallant in such a fashionable coat?' Aloysia laughed, and Wolfgang was so hurt that he could not speak. He wheeled and made his way out of the group. He sat down before the piano. Then, with a sudden decision to carry it all off jauntily, he squared his shoulders and threw back his head. His fingers touched the keys. He played a popular air whose words everyone knew

—'I gladly leave the girl who no longer cares for me.' There was a dead silence. Then someone laughed—and another, and another, as they caught the point of his scornful jest. And in a few moments he was the center of a gay and friendly welcome.

"I think my brother always loved Aloysia," the Baroness commented. "She, poor stupid, married an actor named Lange and was miserable ever after. In later years she confessed that she had not realized what a genius my brother was and had seen him only as a little man." The Baroness sniffed her disgust. Katherine caught Petro's eye and smiled. The boy smiled back understandingly, remembering what she had told him of the old lady's feeling about the Webers.

"But the old sorrows make me melancholy. I should not talk about them." The Baroness rose and stood beside the boy, peering down at him with her short-sighted eyes. "You, too, are to go to Paris in the spring. What a different Paris it will be!—a happier one for you, I hope." She shrugged her shoulders and a smile twisted her mouth. "I know," she went on suddenly, "what we must do. Go, Petro, and fetch me Wolfgang's little clavier and play me a minuet. Perhaps that will cheer me."

The boy hurried off, and when he came back with the clavier, Katherine had cleared the table. She

helped him put the instrument in place. He turned the pages of a yellowed book and began to play the minuet from *Don Giovanni:*

When he had finished, Petro looked up. The little old lady was no longer hearing his music; her mind was wandering among her memories. Quietly the boy rose and shut the clavier. He touched the Baroness' arm gently.

"I shall come again tomorrow," he whispered.

The Baroness nodded. "You must forgive an old woman's whims, my child." She spoke slowly. "Old people live in the past—and if the past is sometimes unhappy, then they, too, are sometimes unhappy. I promise you that tomorrow I shall be very gay!"

VIII

DOWN the wide steps of the Cathedral walked a tall, broad-shouldered youth in fashionable stock and waistcoat. Leaning on his arm was a little old lady in modest shawl and bonnet of an earlier decade. They walked very slowly, for the little old lady was blind. The youth laughed frequently as if trying to cheer his

companion, and as they made their way up the lime-bordered street, he described to her the old walls where the roses climbed, and the bright flowers in the gay boxes at every window.

"How warm the sun feels, Petro!" The old lady stretched out a lace-mittened hand. "The Cathedral was cool. I felt quite chilled."

"Now, now—you are just finding fault, Baroness, because I insisted that you walk out with me this afternoon. You know very well that you enjoyed the music—to say nothing of my company!"

"I could have had your company at home in the kitchen." The Baroness smiled. "It is good to have you back, Petro. It has been four years since I last scolded you for not practicing your music. And in those four years you have become a man."

"And it is for such a short time that we shall be together." The young man spoke soberly. "Until September only. You will have to take many strolls with me in that time, Baroness."

As they walked along, engrossed in their conversation, other worshipers at the Cathedral passed them. Occasionally they met townspeople along the way, and the boy carefully guided the little old lady past them. The boy and his aged companion came at last to the street where the Baroness lived. Approaching them was a stout woman, fashionably dressed in rustling brown silks. As she came up to

the Baroness, she paused uncertainly, and then addressed her.

"Baroness von Berchthold." The fashionable woman inclined her head slightly as she spoke.

The boy felt the Baroness stiffen. She raised her sightless eyes to the woman's face. Her lips scarcely moved as she spoke in her turn. "Frau Nissen." With a sort of regal dignity the Baroness stepped past. The boy had barely time to lift his hat.

The young man's eyes twinkled in amusement. "Pray, who is the elegant lady who won such cordiality from you?"

The Baroness tossed her head. "Elegant, indeed! The last time I saw her, her hair looked like a last-year's bird's nest, and her skirts hung like a rogue on the gallows!"

"Oh, come, come!" The boy was laughing now. "You have certainly made me curious. Tell me who the lady is."

The Baroness did not reply until she was on her own doorstep, with Katherine helping her remove her shawl. "That was Mozart's wife," she said, and would not explain until she and the boy were seated in the little garden at the back, sipping the coffee Katherine had provided.

"That was Konstanze Weber Mozart Nissen. Two years after my brother's death she married Nissen, a Danish diplomat, and after his retirement they

came to Salzburg to live. He died a little more than a year ago. Not a bad sort of person, Nissen; and he wasn't responsible for his wife's being so stupid. I talked with him a few times about some of Mozart's early works.

"Of course, Konstanze was a Weber. The whole tribe was crafty, and my poor brother could not get out of the toils which their old mother had carefully set for him. I must say, though, that Wolfgang seemed happy enough with Konstanze and never once spoke of regretting his marriage. But that was natural. Wolfgang was easy-going and inclined to shift responsibility, and Konstanze was too lazy even to be disagreeable to him. In her way, I suppose, she did well enough, but she was no wife for a genius who needed constant prodding. I never liked her, and I admit that I was probably cold to her when she and my brother came home for a visit shortly after their marriage. Still, it was a mean little spirit of revenge that prompted her to remove poor Papa's tombstone and have one for Nissen made of it. However," she added defiantly, "I have changed my will on that account. I will not be buried with Konstanze and her husband. Poor Papa had no choice."

The young man smiled down kindly at the indignant little Baroness. "But, after all, Mozart's

memory must be dear to Konstanze—or why would she come back to his old home?"

The Baroness tossed her head. "Its being Mozart's home had nothing to do with her decision. Konstanze is a very silly woman. She thinks more highly of her position and wealth as Nissen's widow than she ever did of being Mozart's widow as well. And as for that wealth of hers," the Baroness added bitterly, "much of it came straight from the recent sale of my poor brother's manuscripts to the printer André of Frankfort."

"I suppose your brother loved her, though," Petro said gently.

"Oh, I suppose he did—after a time. But he married her out of pity, that I know; for I have the very letter he wrote to Papa about her. Run, tell Katherine to bring my little black box, and I will let you read the letter."

When Petro returned, the Baroness opened the box with a little key which she wore on a chain around her neck. Petro found the letter. Unfolding the time-yellowed pages, he read aloud, hesitantly at first as if he felt that he was prying into a confidence not meant for strangers' eyes.

But now who is the object of my love? Do not be startled, I entreat. Not one of the Webers, surely? Yes, one of the Webers—not Josefa, not Sophie, but the third daughter, Konstanze. I never met with such diversity of

disposition in any family. The eldest is idle, coarse, and deceitful—crafty and cunning as a fox; Frau Lange is false and unprincipled and a coquette; the youngest is still too childish to have her character defined—she is merely a good-humored, frivolous girl; may God guard her from temptation! The third, however, namely, my good and beloved Konstanze, is the martyr of the family, and probably on this very account the kindest-hearted, the cleverest, and, in short, the best of all; she takes charge of the whole house, and yet does nothing right in their eyes.

She is not pretty—rather plain, in fact, but has bright eyes and a nice figure. She is not witty, but has plenty of sound sense. She is not extravagant; on the contrary, she has to dress very plainly, because when the mother has any money to spare she spends it on the two other girls. At the same time, though her clothes may be simple they are always neat and nice, and she is clever enough to make most of her things for herself. She dresses her own hair, understands housekeeping, and has the best heart in the world.

There was a twinkle in Petro's eye as he refolded the letter. "Poor Mozart," he commented. "He did want you to like her!"

The Baroness ignored this remark and went on with her story. "A lot of water was to run under the bridge between the day my brother left Paris and the day when he married and finally settled down in Vienna. After his rebuff at Aloysia's hands, there was no choice for him but to return home from Munich.

"It was a sad homecoming. Papa and I met

him at the diligence. Though we had of course realized that he would be alone, it was still a shock not to see Mama with him. Poor Papa tried to be very brave, and it was not until evening that Wolfgang's voice was steady enough to let him talk of Mama and those lonely days in Paris. All of us went about during the next two weeks with aching hearts.

"Wolfgang found Salzburg greatly changed. Many of his friends had gone away. There were sad changes even in the Archbishop's Court. Almost all the Archbishop's musicians were now Italians, dull-witted and coarse men who had replaced some of our old friends. Wolfgang was very resentful, and discontented with his life in Salzburg, which had become dull and uninteresting to him. Even our rough-and-ready Salzburgers annoyed him.

"It was almost as if he were escaping from a prison when he obtained leave to go to Munich to produce his opera *Idomeneo*. Papa and I went to Munich to see the first performance. All Salzburg, except the Archbishop, was there on that first night.

"Papa and I entered the theater just as the opening bars of the Overture were played. Even the Elector was sitting forward in his chair, impressed by the dignity and pathos of those first few notes. The flutes and oboes cried plaintively, and all the while the strings sang menacingly above the throb of

the double basses. Finally, the music died away, and the oboes played a brief lamenting phrase. Then the curtain rose. Try to see that performance, Petro, through my eyes.

"Ilia, a lonely Trojan princess held captive in a foreign land, stands alone in the vastness of a room in the Royal Palace of Crete. She is a gentle, bewildered maiden, and there is heartbreak in her song when she sings, 'When will my woes be ended?' She feels, too, that it is proper she should desire revenge upon Idomeneo, the King of the Cretans—but she cannot forget that it was the King's son, Idamante, who saved her from drowning. She loves Idamante, but because he is the enemy of her people she does not dare reveal her love. Then, also, she fears that Idamante loves Electra, a Greek woman who has fled from her home after the murder of her mother, Clytemnestra.

"Idamante comes in as Ilia concludes her song. He orders the Trojan captives liberated, because his father's fleet has been sighted and all Crete will celebrate the safe return of Idomeneo. The Trojan prisoners come in and unite with the citizens of Crete in a chorus of rejoicing. Electra enters. She finds fault with Idamante's kindness. But she is interrupted by the breathless Arbace, the King's counselor, who comes with the terrible news that Idomeneo has been shipwrecked. There is unrestrained excitement.

Everyone but Electra runs toward the shore. Electra remains alone, and in a wild, passionate song she gives vent to her jealousy of Ilia. The storm of her fury grows in the orchestra until all of the instruments are screaming a real tempest.

"The scene changes to the seashore. The men of Crete are imploring the mercy of Poseidon. They are echoed by a distant chorus of shipwrecked sailors. How beautiful these choruses are! The chorus of Cretans was accompanied by the restless violins and the despairing sailors by smooth-scale passages for wood-wind. Finally, Idomeneo lands safely. He has made a vow that if the god spare him, he will sacrifice the first living thing he sees upon land. Idamante, his own son, is the first one to greet him. Idomeneo is in despair. He turns from his son in horror of the promise made to the Sea God. Idamante does not understand why his father treats him thus, and is grieved. Finally, the Cretan warriors from the ships approach the shore and disembark to a brilliant march. There is triumphant singing of the chorus as the act closes.

"The curtain rises on Act Two. Idomeneo is disclosing his fearful secret to Arbace. Arbace advises that Idamante be sent into another country where he may escape the wrath of the Sea God. Idomeneo decides to send his son with Electra to Greece, and Arbace goes to make arrangements.

"Ilia enters, and in a beautiful aria she tells Idomeneo that Crete has become a second home to her and that she is willing to make his people her people. As Ilia sings she is accompanied by four solo wind instruments. This aria shows her no longer the lonely princess in a foreign land, but a girl serene and confident.

"Ilia leaves the stage and Idomeneo ponders on her words. Suddenly he realizes that she loves his son, and in a magnificent aria he laments and says that the Sea God will have not one but three victims. As he leaves, Electra enters. She sings an aria in which she shows herself confident and victorious. Then the strains of a distant march call her to the harbor to embark for Greece.

"The next scene shows the waiting ship. The people invite Electra to embark, singing the beautiful chorus, 'Placid Be the Sea.' There is unearthly magic and beauty in this farewell. Idomeneo and his son enter. The music quickens as they approach the boat. Then without warning the crash of a storm is heard. A monster rises from the sea. The people realize that they are under a curse and they cry out, 'Who is the guilty one?' and three times the wind instruments echo threateningly. Idomeneo admits that he is guilty and marches toward the sea. He lifts his proud head and tosses back his white hair challengingly. He hurls defiance at the Sea God and

says that Poseidon may do with him as he wishes but that he will not provide an innocent victim. The music rises to wild rage. The people flee in terror, leaving Idomeneo standing before the angry sea. The cries of the populace die away gradually—and the curtain falls.

"In Act Three the curtain rises on Ilia. As she sings her warm, human aria, the audience sees her wholly given up to her love for Idamante. Idamante enters to tell her good-by. He is going to slay the monster which is ravaging the coast. Ilia tells him of her love, and Idamante confesses his love for her. Idomeneo and Electra enter and see the two lovers. Electra's fury bursts into a wild wail as she sings. Ilia declares that she will go with her beloved, but he gently puts her from him and sings mournfully:

"Farewell, live happy!
Alone fore'er I'll wander,
Seeking for death in exile
Till he releases me.

"The great quartet follows. In it Electra expresses her rage, Idomeneo his despair, and the youthful lovers their tender resignation. The music sobs as it brings the movement to a close.

"The populace enter. They are suffering from the ravages of the sea monster and a plague which Poseidon has sent. They cry out to Idomeneo for

mercy. Then the priests enter to a solemn march. Idomeneo consents to the sacrifice of his son and begins the ceremony with a prayer to Poseidon. The priests answer him in a strange chant. Suddenly a shout goes up from the people. Idamante has killed the monster! He enters, ready to submit to the sacrifice. The knife is about to descend, when Ilia throws herself at the foot of the altar. She begs that she may take her lover's place.

"Suddenly the statue of Poseidon on the altar moves. In the silence which follows, the awe-inspiring trombones break in, beginning softly and rising to a *fortissimo* as the image of the Sea God speaks. Its huge chest of bronze rises and falls with its utterance; the god, speaking through his oracle, tells the people that he is appeased without the sacrifice. The strange music of the trombones dies away as the statue once more becomes rigid. The people are held in a long moment of silence. When they speak, it is with broken phrases of wonder and joy. Electra calls harshly upon the Furies in a wild outburst as she recognizes her defeat, and rushes away.

"The last scene opens with the solemn, peaceful music of the violins. Idomeneo mounts his throne for the last time. He presents to the people their new rulers, Idamante and his bride Ilia. Then Idomeneo sings that he is at peace and, as he descends from his throne, that he feels like some old tree when

the spring has wakened it into leaf once more. Then the people celebrate. There are lively songs and dances, and the curtain falls upon a country carnival.

"Oh, Petro," the Baroness said as she turned to the boy, "how I wish you could have seen it! How the people rose and cheered! Even the Elector clapped his hands loudly and cried out, 'No music has ever had such an effect on me—it is magnificent.' And when my brother appeared upon the stage, people went wild and rushed toward him until the stage was crowded with both actors and audience.

"How proud Papa was! After the performance, when we were back in our own rooms, Papa embraced Wolfgang. Tears were coursing down Papa's cheeks and he could say only, 'It is the happiest day of my life.'

"As usual, the Archbishop had to spoil things. He commanded my brother to join him in Vienna, and, of course, Wolfgang had to go, since he was at the Archbishop's beck and call. He had to take his place with the Kapelle, had to play at the homes of noblemen whom the Archbishop knew. When Mozart, however, had a chance to make a few gulden by playing at other houses, he was refused permission. Once, even, he had the opportunity to play before the Emperor, but was not allowed to—which may have been because the Archbishop had gone to Vienna following the death of Maria Theresa solely to ingrati-

ate himself with the Emperor, and had made no headway.

"Wolfgang became very resentful. He had to sit at table with the cooks and lackeys. The valets were at the head of the table; he sat with the cooks. He had to wear court livery and was treated like the lowest of servants.

"The Archbishop seemed determined to humble my brother. He was a despicable man, jealous of Mozart's recent success in Munich. Finally, he sent word by the Chamberlain, Count Arco, that Wolfgang was to return to Salzburg on a certain Wednesday, though he knew well that Wolfgang had made plans to remain in Vienna until Saturday. Wolfgang told Arco that unless the Archbishop himself delivered the order, he would go on with his own plans. The Archbishop was furious, and summoned Wolfgang immediately.

"There was a terrible scene in the Archbishop's study. His Grace called Mozart names. I remember almost the very words of Wolfgang's letter to us about it. 'The Archbishop lost his temper,' he wrote. 'Then came all in a breath that I was the most dissipated fellow he knew, no man served him so badly as I did, and he recommended me to set off the same day, or he would write home to stop my salary. It was impossible to get in a syllable, for his words blazed away like fire. I heard it all with calmness;

he actually told to my face the deliberate falsehood that I had a salary of five hundred florins. He called me a ragamuffin, a scamp, a rogue.'

"Then Wolfgang's blood began to boil. 'Your Grace,' he put in, 'does not appear to be satisfied with me.' The Archbishop shouted, 'There is the door, and I tell you I will have nothing more to do with such a low fellow!' And Wolfgang retorted, 'Nor I with you.' 'Go,' ordered the Archbishop finally; and Wolfgang said as he left, 'The thing is settled and you shall have it tomorrow in writing.'

"But things drifted on for a few weeks. Wolfgang could not get to see the Archbishop again. He presented himself time after time to Count Arco, but to no avail. Finally, Wolfgang's persistence angered the Count, and the horrid man actually kicked my brother out the door. Oh, it was such a disgrace for all of us!" The little old lady raised trembling hands to her temples, and closed distressed eyes.

"I wouldn't let that worry me, Baroness," the boy said. "It is only through his association with your brother that the Archbishop's name is remembered at all."

"Just what I said to Papa." The Baroness nodded her head with satisfaction. "And now we shall forget all about it—as Wolfgang certainly did when he finally severed all connections with the Salzburg Court.

"He stayed in Vienna at the house called 'Auge Gottes' with the Webers, who had moved there from Munich. It was at this time that he asked Konstanze to marry him. She accepted him, and Mozart went about with his head in the clouds. His letters of that time showed his delirious state of mind. Papa was quite impatient with him.

"Something of his youthful romance went into the composition of a German opera. He called it *The Elopement from the Seraglio.* For some time there had been a great longing among the German people for a German opera. The people had tired of Italian opera and longed for music and librettos which expressed a German temperament. The Emperor Joseph had expressed a desire for a German opera, and God sent a composer—Mozart.

"The *Elopement* was presented for the first time in July. Though some sneered at its departure from traditional opera, those who appreciated my brother's genius were carried away by the exquisite melody and gay charm of the work. The *Elopement* was the embodiment of youth, its music filled with laughter, dreams, and confident hope. I always remember what Karl Maria von Weber said about this opera. Weber, you know, was a cousin of Konstanze. He was a brilliant musician, and he studied for a time here in Salzburg under Michael Haydn. He felt that in *The Elopement from the Seraglio* Mozart

had reached artistic maturity—that Mozart could not have written it again with the best of wills. 'I think,' he said, 'that I see in it what the happy years of youth are to every man—that youth whose bloom he can never recapture, and after which, by the eradication of his faults, he irretrievably loses his greatest charm.'

"It was in August, when Wolfgang was twenty-six and Konstanze was eighteen, that they were married. Frau Weber treated my brother and his wife shabbily—scheming woman that she was; so the young couple escaped from the 'House of God's Eye' to a home of their own, the 'Grosshaupt' on the great bridge at the sign of The Red Saber. It was a bold step, for the foolish young things had not so much as a florin between them. Moreover, they immediately burdened themselves with a protégé and pupil, J. N. Hummel, who later became a musician of some note.

"Papa and I worried about this hasty marriage. It was not until some time later, when Papa visited Wolfgang and Konstanze, that his mind was set at ease. He wrote back that the young couple seemed happy enough and that he had no fault to find with Konstanze's housekeeping. I was married to Baron von Berchthold and had a home of my own at that time; so I did not go with Papa. Indeed, I did not see my brother and his wife after they visited us in Salzburg shortly after their marriage, and I have

never seen their two sons. One of them, I understand, is a fair musician.

"This visit of Papa's was a very happy one. He saw that Vienna was just beginning to recognize my brother's genius. Wolfgang was receiving important commissions, and the great Joseph Haydn, a brother of our own Michael Haydn at Salzburg, was his friend. One evening, when a group of musicians had come together to hear the last of the quartets my brother had dedicated to Haydn, that great master called Papa aside and said to him, 'I tell you, before God and as an honest man, that I acknowledge your son to be the greatest composer I have ever heard.'

"Papa was getting old. He was not very well. It seems only right that he should have had this last happy time shortly before his death. Not long after his return to Salzburg he became very ill and died suddenly. His death seemed to mark the end of that old life, when the world had held out bright promises for us all.

"Then it was that Mozart entered upon the greatest period of his career as a composer. Sorrow and disappointment, coupled with humiliation at the hands of the Archbishop, had brought rich experience to him. His operas took on a deeper meaning—not that they were serious or sad, for often they were very gay; but even in his light operas the music had depth and strength. Though the theme might be slight,

even trivial, the music never was without significance.

"This was the period of his greatest operas: *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni.* Da Ponte, a Jew turned Catholic and priest, recently arrived from Italy, wrote the words of these operas.

"*The Marriage of Figaro* was based on a French comedy by Beaumarchais. It is a gay story full of surprises and intrigues. It is more than gay: It is permeated with what the French call *joie de vivre*, which means 'joy of life.' There is wit in this play. It is an explosion of gaiety and satire. Figaro himself had appeared in an earlier play, *The Barber of Seville*, where he was only a joyous, droll fellow, audacious and insolent. In *The Marriage of Figaro* his droll wit becomes biting satire. He is irritated with a society which has not accorded him a place suited to his merit. Because of the philosophy of Beaumarchais's comedy, which expresses hatred of the old order in France, the play was banned, and even in Germany it was not played until my brother turned its satire into pure comedy with his music.

"Oh, there never was such a character as Suzanna! And Figaro, the lovable rogue! The Emperor himself was present often at the rehearsals. The opera was at once seen to hold promise of greatness. Even at the full band rehearsal, all present were roused to enthusiasm. When Benucci came to the passage 'Cherubino alla vittoria, alla gloria mili-

tar,' the effect brought the performers on the stage and those in the orchestra to their feet in a burst of enthusiastic applause. 'Bravo! Grande Mozart! Viva il Maestro!'

"There were so many encores that the Emperor finally forbade them, saying that he did so to spare the singers, that too many encores tired them out. Mozart stepped forward, bowed gracefully, and said, 'Do not believe it, Your Majesty; they all like to have encores. I, at least, can certainly say so, on my part!' The Emperor laughed good-naturedly, and the rehearsal continued to its brilliant close.

"The first performance of the opera was a tremendous success. The singers were excellent, and the cast boasted famous names, among them that of Michael Kelly, a pleasant and witty Irish gentleman. The performers entered into the spirit of the opera. They caught the enthusiasm of Mozart, whose directing was inspired. At the end of that first performance, the audience thundered its applause of the greatest living musician and composer.

"If people did not know my brother's name before, they knew it now. He wrote that when he visited Prague a few years later to see a traveling company perform the opera, everybody was whistling it. Ballroom music was taken from it. Everywhere it was Figaro and Figaro and Figaro!

"Every fresh hearing of the opera brings with

it the delight of discovering new beauties; for Mozart's opera is true art, which makes us carefree and happy. In *The Marriage of Figaro* my brother displayed his power of musical characterization. To the same music, characters sing in such a way that their differences of character and personality are revealed. Suzanna and Figaro sing a duet, and Suzanna shows herself clever and nimble of wit while Figaro cannot see his nose before his face. In this opera, too, my brother showed his fine feeling for the various instruments of the orchestra. Each instrument had for him a separate personality, and he linked these personalities with the personalities of the characters of the play. Figaro, in the duet with Suzanna, is supported by the heavy voice of the bassoons, and Suzanna is accompanied by the nimbler oboes."

The Baroness fell silent. As she sat thinking, she did not notice the young man tiptoe quietly to the terrace. All of a sudden she discovered his absence.

"Petro," she called in a startled voice, "where are you?"

For answer, Petro whistled a few sprightly bars of the Overture to *The Marriage of Figaro.* Then, for all his youth, he became the sly Figaro and sang the aria: "If you want to dance, my little Count, very well; I will play the guitar for you. Come to

my school and I will teach you how to caper. But I will be crafty until I have upset your little scheme."

Allegretto
Se vuol bal - la - re, si-gnor con-ti-no, Se vuol bal - la - re,
si-gnor con-ti-no, il chi-tar-ri-no le suo - ne - ro, il chi-tar-
ri - no le suo-ne-rò, sì, le suo-ne-rò, si, le suo-ne-ro.

When he had done, the Baroness clapped her hands. "Bravo, Bravo!" she called, and Katherine laughed out of the window at them.

IX

THE wind was cool and had a tang of fall in it, but the sun lay warm in the garden. The leaves of the linden had turned to clear yellow. The Baroness and Katherine moved slowly along the path by the stone wall. The Baroness leaned heavily on Katherine and listened intently to the servant's description of the late-bloom-

ing flowers and the lazy clouds floating over the Untersberg. The Baroness knew, even before Katherine told her, that they were standing before the door in the garden wall.

"Petro promised he would be here at ten o'clock," the little old lady fretted. "Is it not time yet, Katherine?"

"Just time!" Petro's laugh came over the wall.

"Get the key quickly, and let him in, Katherine." The Baroness was excited.

As Katherine swung back the door, Petro slipped through. He tucked the Baroness' arm under his, then turned to the servant. "I will take this young lady for a walk."

The Baroness laughed up at him. "Now you are saucy," she said.

Katherine beamed at them. She went singing toward the house. Petro and the Baroness strolled slowly through the garden. As they walked, they spoke at random of Petro's future, of music, and finally of Mozart.

"It was in Prague that he wrote the famous *Don Giovanni.* He was a guest at the villa of Josefa Duschek, the singer. He sat in the little summer-house in the garden, which was called 'Bertramka.' It was the happiest time my brother ever knew. There were many gay, light-hearted guests at the villa—musical people; and for the first time Mozart

felt that he was surrounded by people who spoke his own language, the language of melody and drama. He liked to hear their laughter in the garden and to know that they were waiting for him to bring his newest completed scene for their approval. That garden could tell stories of brilliant impromptu presentations of *Don Giovanni* between games of skittles or billiards.

"The Overture to *Don Giovanni* was set down on paper only the night before the opera was to be performed. At seven in the morning the copyist came for it, and the ink was wet on the score when the orchestra played it that evening. They played it so well, however, even without one rehearsal, that Mozart was able to say, 'To be sure, a good many notes have fallen under the desk, but, for all that, the Overture has gone very well.'

"The opera itself was beautiful; only Mozart could have written it. He stored up a great deal of happiness on that first night, and on the nights that followed—though happiness was almost all he gleaned. For composers on the Continent were paid only once—at the time of the first production—and then not very grandly. Only England had a copyright law, so that an idea could not be stolen and used by others.

"Mozart returned to Vienna. Gluck had died, and Mozart took his place as Court Composer and

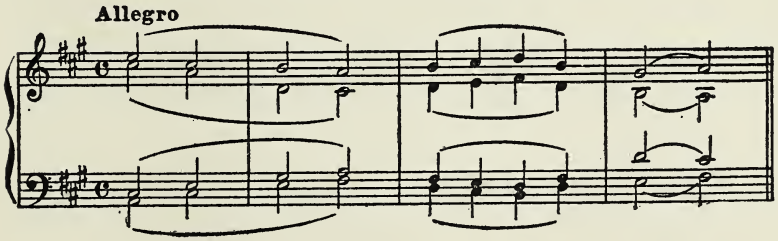
Chamber Musician. Again my brother faced disappointment: Gluck had received two thousand gulden in salary, but Mozart was offered only eight hundred. It was humiliating, also, to find that he was asked to compose only very slight and unimportant music. At the end of one of his compositions he wrote, referring to the money he got for it, 'It is too much for what I do, and too little for what I could do.'

"My brother was hard put to it to support his family on so small a sum. When Joseph II died and was succeeded by Leopold II, Wolfgang had hopes of getting the post of music teacher to the young princesses; but this was denied. Time after time he was forced to go to Puchberg, a money-lender, and his debt to this man mounted with the years. There were now two children. Konstanze was very ill, and money had to be found to send her to Baden for the cure. My brother was deep in debt, and in spite of the recommendations of his good friend, Joseph Haydn, he was unable to obtain a permanent appointment. The situation was desperate. He had to seek out students who were commonplace and unappreciative and who paid poorly. It was ironic that the greatest master of music of all time should have had to waste his days in teaching, when he should have been enriching the world with the great works he was capable of composing at this, the height of his powers.

"While Konstanze was in Baden, Mozart fell in with a wild, dissipated fellow, one Stadler, who played the clarinet. Indeed, there was nothing that Stadler could not do with this instrument, then new. From him my brother learned clarinet technique and thus was enabled to write that blithe and singing *Stadler* Quintet for clarinet and strings. Perhaps this knowledge of the clarinet, which Stadler gave to Mozart, may in some measure excuse him for his not entirely honorable conduct where my brother was concerned. Mozart liked the clarinet, and he always wrote for it light, graceful works of peculiar charm. He was the first to compose music especially for this member of the wood-wind group."

The Baroness paused for a moment, and Petro said:

"I am sure that I know that Quintet—I must have heard it played in Vienna. It starts like this, doesn't it?" And he whistled the four descending notes that introduce the Quintet's first subject:



"Yes, indeed," the old lady replied. "I hope that you will hear it many times as you grow older—

and not only the *Stadler* but all the other lovely chamber music that my brother composed: the string quartets that he dedicated to Haydn, those dedicated to Frederick William of Prussia, and the rest. Also, there are a number of beautiful quintets, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello; and several compositions using piano or the wood-winds in chamber-music form. I sometimes think, Petro, that as time goes on, people will come to value my brother's quartets and quintets as highly as his symphonies and operas.

"But I was telling you about his operas, wasn't I? It was about this time that my brother wrote a fragile little opera called *Così fan tutte*, which paid him very poorly. When he was almost at his wits' end, he received a commission in May from an eccentric actor, Shikaneder, to write a fairy opera called *The Magic Flute*. Shikaneder, knowing Mozart's tendency to put off his tasks until the last moment, insisted that he come to live in a little summer-house at the back of the old, barn-like theater outside the city fortifications. At this theater Shikaneder had assembled a group of players and singers who presented unusual programs catering to the popular taste of Vienna.

"It was at this same little summer-house that my brother had his first visit from the mysterious messenger who was to deepen the gloom that soon descended upon him. This man was tall and thin and cadaverous. He came at dusk in a black carriage

drawn by black horses, and he himself was all in black. In solemn tones he asked Mozart to compose for him a Requiem Mass, pressed into my brother's hand a sum of money for the first payment, and drove away without any explanation.

"Mozart at this time was failing in health. From now on as he worked at the score of *The Magic Flute*, his thoughts dwelt on the mysterious messenger. After a time, he decided that the man must have been sent by the Norns as a warning that his death was near, and that the Requiem he had been asked to write would be his own. It was strange for him to feel so; for he was not a moody person, was not given to believing in signs. However, he could not rid himself of the idea, and even when he watched that first successful production of his last opera, he was haunted by this premonition.

"Perhaps something of this mystic mood went into the strangely beautiful opera, *The Magic Flute*. The story is more than a story of faery. There is a serious message in it; though this message is so hidden in the mad theme that one must sometimes wonder what my brother really meant. All that one can know for sure is that there is beauty and awe and dignity in it. One can never forget the shuddering effect produced by the trombones and brass and drums during the scene of the Ordeals—when Tamino and Pamina go courageously together to the tests by fire

and water. Above the disjointed chords of the solemn instruments, Tamino's magic flute plays clearly and bravely, like the voice of human courage facing the supernatural.

"There is humor in the opera, too. Nothing can be more pleasing than the accompaniment of the Glockenspiel to the Fowler's song, 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen.' My brother had written a number of these light, whimsical compositions for other unusual instruments. An improvement had been made in the manufacture of music-boxes: a toothed cylinder was made to revolve through the prongs of a comb. For these music-boxes and for a chiming clock that worked in much the same way, Mozart wrote several little masterpieces, among them the Fantasia in F minor. He wrote an andante to a waltz for a little organ, and a quintet for a glass-harmonica, oboe, flute, viola, and violoncello. This quintet was written for a blind girl, Marianne Kirchgassner, who played the glass-harmonica. She was a gifted person, and Mozart felt sorry for her because she was blind.

"Mozart himself directed *The Magic Flute*. Soon the Viennese public began to flock to Shikaneder's theater. *The Magic Flute* was my brother's first and only popular success—and it came too late. He was harassed by debt and overworked, and the thought that death was near was ever with him.

"One evening as Mozart was stepping into a car-

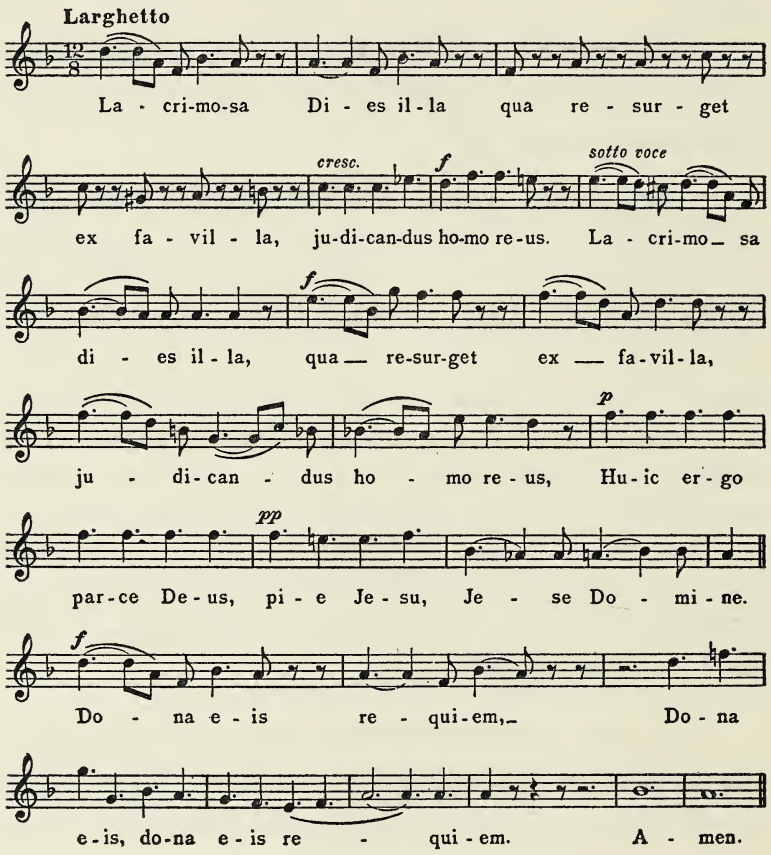
riage, the somber messenger again appeared mysteriously out of the gloom. He reminded my brother that the Requiem Mass was to be written and tendered him the final payment. Then he melted into the shadows. At this time my brother was very ill, and the frequent meetings with this unknown man served to depress him. 'The Requiem,' he said, 'is for myself—I feel that too surely. I shall not last much longer.'

"He wrote his old friend and librettist, da Ponte, of his premonition of death. He spoke of the mysterious messenger.

"... I feel stunned, I reason with difficulty, and I cannot rid myself of the vision of this unknown man. I see him perpetually; he entreats me, presses me, and impatiently demands the work. I go on writing, because composing tires me less than resting. Otherwise, I have nothing more to fear. I know from what I suffer that the hour has come; I am at the point of death; I have come to an end before having had the enjoyment of my talent. Life was indeed so beautiful, my career began under such fortunate auspices; but one cannot change one's own destiny. No one can measure his own days, one must resign oneself; it will be as Providence wills, and so I finish my death-song. I must not leave it incomplete.

"By the middle of November, Wolfgang was too ill to leave his bed, but he continued his work on the *Requiem.* The day before his death the unfin-

ished score and sketches were laid before him. He made an effort to sing the beautiful part of the *Requiem* called *Lacrimosa,* but after a few bars he found himself too weak to go on." The Baroness paused in her story and turned to Petro. She did not have to voice her request. The boy's clear, beautiful tenor poured out the supplicating music of the *Lacrimosa:*


Larghetto
La - cri-mo-sa Di - es il - la qua re - sur - get
cresc.
f
sotto voce
ex fa - vil - la, ju-di-can-dus ho-mo re-us. La - cri-mo_ sa
f
di - es il - la, qua_ re-sur-get ex _ fa-vil-la,
p
ju - di-can - dus ho - mo re - us, Hu-ic er - go
pp
par-ce De-us, pi - e Je - su, Je - se Do - mi - ne.
f
Do - na e - is re - qui-em,_ Do - na
e-is, do-na e - is re - qui - em. A - men.

The Baroness' face was luminous, and she put out her hands before her as though she would clutch to herself this moment of beauty. "Now you know Mozart," she said.

Petro reached out and took her frail hands in his. "You are tired," he said kindly. "Let us sit under the linden while you talk to me still more about your brother—for I never tire of hearing your stories."

"My brother was dying," she went on, her voice full of sad memories. "Gathered around his sleeping-chair were his friends and some of the performers from Shikaneder's theater. Gottfried Jacquin was there. Konstanze and Sophie and Mozart's little son Karl were with him—and his physician, Doctor Closset. Süssmayer sat at the piano playing my brother's last requests. Suddenly Wolfgang asked them to sing the *Lacrimosa.* The *Requiem*—which Mozart had fancied to be his own, this true 'requiem,' which is not the usual summing up of a man's life but the actual passing of a rebellious soul—this requiem *was* his own. As his friends sang this part, Mozart closed his eyes.

"What a good man my brother was! With almost his last breath he bade Konstanze and Sophie keep his death a secret until Albrechtsberger, a musician friend, should have time to apply for Mozart's position at St. Stephanskirche. At five minutes after midnight on the morning of the fifth of December,

1791, Mozart died. He was in his thirty-sixth year. I knew nothing of it until it was all over.

"His plain coffin was carried by two men through the streets. Only a few friends went to St. Stephan's with him. It was snowing, and the wind swept madly over the roof-tops. Perhaps the Valkyries were riding. The storm grew so heavy that the mourners did not go with the coffin to the cemetery, which lay outside the town. Then, too, a plague had swept the country, and the mourners were afraid to venture to the grounds where the poor infected souls had been buried. Instead, they hailed a cab, and an indifferent stranger carried my brother to his last resting place.

"I have been told that the coffin was lowered into a pauper's grave. Only the sexton and his mother were there to see it. They were a strange pair, Franz Harruschka and Frau Katha. Old Katha counted for her living on the money that the mourners gave her when they came to the cemetery. On this occasion she was disappointed when she saw that the cab was unattended. 'Are there any coaches coming?' she asked. The driver only shrugged. 'Whom have you there, then?' she pursued. 'A bandmaster,' she was told. 'Oh, a musician? They are a poor lot. There is no more money to be looked for today, then.' The driver only laughed and said, 'I did not receive even a kreutzer of drink-money.' 'Why are we waiting

then?' asked Frau Katha and went grumbling about her work.

"Konstanze was ill at the time of the burial and, when she came at last to hunt for her husband's grave, she could not find it—so many others had been buried since, and none of the graves were clearly marked."

Katherine called from the kitchen window: "Petro, aren't you ashamed, keeping the Baroness so long in the cold? Come in at once, bad children that you are. Coffee has been ready this long time."

When they were seated in a sunny corner of the kitchen, Katherine served them with coffee and apple-cake. She chattered on and on about homely things until the gloom which had settled upon the Baroness had been dispelled.

"Life is good, Petro, as long as there is plenty of coffee!" said the Baroness.

X

THERE was moonlight and tremulous music in the old garden. Shadows lay along the wall and against the house. Where the moonlight filtered through the naked branches of the linden, the Baroness sat playing the clavier. Her slight body leaned forward in her chair. Her hands were fragile and ghostly in the eerie light,

and her face was raised to the silvery moon above her.

The soft September wind rustled a few leaves along the garden paths. Across the wall came the familiar Starling song:

The little old lady did not seem to hear, but Katherine came noiselessly from the house and moved quickly to the time-weathered door in the wall. She turned the key in the rusty lock, and the door swung open. Petro, dressed in traveling clothes, slipped through the opening.

"I have come to say good-by," he said.

Katherine nodded. "The last good-by," she said sadly.

The boy looked up quickly. "Then the doctor holds out no hope?"

"None. We shall not have our gentle Baroness long. The doctor tells me that she may not be with us after the first snow."

"I hate to go, Katherine. She has done so much for me. If I could help by staying—"

Katherine shook her head. "No, you must go. I think it is for the best. You have your career, and she would be unhappy if she knew that you had sacrificed any part of it for her."

"But I can do a little." The boy removed a

purse from an inner pocket and pressed it into the servant's hand. "See that she lacks nothing."

Katherine drew a long breath. "I do not know what we should do if it were not for our good friends. We have nothing since the Baroness can no longer teach. Happily, she does not realize how dreadfully poor we are, for she would be too proud to accept help." And Katherine turned toward the house.

The boy, hat in hand, approached almost reverently the little old lady who sat playing, oblivious of her surroundings. The sweet, plaintive music ceased abruptly as Petro put his hands on her shoulders.

"Oh, Petro—how you startled me! I thought it might be Wolfgang—or Papa, even. I was thinking of them as I played."

"I came to say good-by." Petro's voice was husky.

"I had forgotten. . . . You are going away. Everybody goes away. Come sit beside me."

The boy drew her shawl more closely around her. "You should not be out so late," he said in gentle reproach. "The garden is quite chilly."

"I do not feel cold—only very lonely. Why do you have to go away—to America—so far?" The Baroness turned her sightless eyes to him.

Petro's tone was careless and offhand as he replied. "Oh, America is a new country, and it has opportunities for young people. Anyway, I'm not go-

ing to stay over there long. It is only a concert tour."

The Baroness patted his hand and spoke sadly. "It is your gypsy blood," she told him. "You will never be still—always you will hear the voice of Romany calling."

"Always I shall hear the voice of *Salzburg* calling," the boy returned; "and of Mozart! I shall play his music as long as I live."

"Mozart—yes—Mozart was my brother. He was a genius, and he died in poverty."

There was a silence which lasted so long that Petro stirred uneasily. Then the Baroness spoke, in a voice that was low and indistinct, as if it came from far away.

"Sometimes at night I fancy that we are all at home together in the Getreidegasse. We are children—Wolfgang and I—watching Theresa prepare the cabbage for soup. Papa and Mama have just come in from early Mass. Mama is singing—she always sang in those days. Her eyes are bright, and her cheeks are red from the wind. Papa goes straight to his study. He always has compositions to finish. He is the Court composer. Such grave eyes Papa has—he is so worried all the time. But he is very handsome and neat, with his wig always curled. I have my lesson to practice. The drawing-room is cold and has a musty smell until I throw open the casements. Then the fresh air rushes in, and soon I do not notice the

cold as the sun peeks in to see what I am doing. I am almost done with my practicing before I look up to find little Wolfgang, with his round face and serious eyes, watching my every movement.

"Then again I hear the stamping of feet, and I know it is a holiday. All our Salzburg friends have gathered for a party. Theresa is in the cellar, dusting the cobwebs from old wine bottles; for it is a very special occasion. We have arrived home from our first successful tour. Little Mozart is sitting on a table, playing gay music on his violin. The faces of the dancers are flushed, and their arms are interlaced in a lively figure of the Allemande. Papa is dancing with Frau Hagenauer, her collar awry and her hair in wild disorder. Mama is dancing with Herr Hagenauer. Theresa appears in the doorway, and Herr Schachtner draws her, laughing and protesting, into the dance. Away they all whirl until the flames of the candles dip and flare in a dance of their own. . . .

"And now it is Munich, at carnival time. I see my brother, very handsome in satins and laces. He is a favorite with the nobility. He is dancing a stately minuet. How graceful his fine hands, and how nimble his feet! Lucky the girl whom he has chosen for a partner. Then again he is playing. It is a concert. All the wealthy people of Munich have gathered to hear him. They applaud his dexterity—they marvel that he plays without notes—they gasp at the

brilliance of his extemporizing. Then the performance is over, but he is playing again—for a small group of musicians. It is late, and the concert audience has long been in bed. There is only a dim light in the room. Mozart's sensitive face is serious as he bends over the keys. The candlelight falls on his fine, soft hair, touching the brown with gold. Mozart's music is more than beautiful now; this little group of friends is catching a glimpse of genius. Suddenly Mozart rises from the piano. A sad little smile twists his mouth. '*Now* you have heard Mozart,' he tells them; 'anyone can play as well as I do at a concert!' "

The Baroness turned to the boy. "Life was so full of promise in those days, Petro."

Katherine stepped down from the terrace and called softly, "Your carriage is waiting, Petro."

The little old lady rose. Putting one frail hand on the boy's arm, she walked with him to the garden door. Katherine followed and took the boy's place as he stepped under the arch. With a graceful gesture the Baroness raised her hand, and Petro bent low to kiss it.

"God go with you, Petro," she murmured softly.

"And with you, my dear, kind Baroness!" Petro replied. He stepped back and looked at the two women for a long moment. "I shall be back again in the spring," he said unsteadily.

Something like a sob escaped Katherine, but the Baroness only shook her old head slightly. The boy turned on his heel. The garden door clicked shut. The Baroness had not moved. Her head was lifted as if she were listening. Over the wall faintly came the Starling's call:

Katherine would have spoken, but the little old lady held up a restraining hand. "It was the *Requiem*, Katherine. Did you hear it?" she whispered.

Katherine opened her lips again, as if to speak, but one look into the unearthly sadness of the Baroness' face silenced her. She took her mistress' arm, and the two women made their way slowly back to the house. The moon looked down into the deserted garden where Mozart's clavier lay on the table—forgotten.

UNFAMILIAR WORDS AND PHRASES USED IN THE STORY

Barrow

A burial mound in which the old Norsemen buried their dead. The royal barrows often contained rich treasure, the personal belongings of the dead king or prince. Folk-lore has it that dragons often found these barrows and guarded them against thieves. The word is used also in England for ancient burial mounds.

Black Pudding

A highly seasoned sausage made of blood and suet and thickened with meal.

Dead Souls—see *Odin*

Einmal ist Keinmal

"One time is no time" or "Once doesn't count."

Es war eine Mutter

Es war eine Mutter,
Sie hatte vier Kinder:
Der Frühling, der Sommer,
Der Herbst, und der Winter.

(There once was a mother,
She had four children:
The spring, the summer,
The autumn, and the winter.)

Far-Traveled One—see *Odin*

Faustus

Doctor Faustus was a German student of the 15th century around whom many fantastic legends grew. Several plays have been based on the story of his selling his soul to the Devil in return for having certain personal wishes of his fulfilled. He is the hero of a drama by Goethe, another by Christopher Marlowe, and an opera by Gounod.

Frost Giants

In Northern mythology there is a story that, before man, the world was inhabited by a race of giants, who succeeded the first giant, Ymir, from whose body the world had been created. In all mountainous districts of Germany there are local legends of mountain giants. When two mountains are situated opposite each other, they are called giants, and are said to pelt each other with stones sometimes. Where there is a small stone hill the people say that a giant emptied his shoes in that place. All such stories of giants are connected with the early belief that in the beginning there were only ice and frost and that the second great giant, Bure, was created when the cow

Audhumla licked a block of ice until it took the form of a giant.

Frau Katze

German for Madam Cat.

Frühstück

Breakfast; or, at the time of the story, a mid-morning meal.

Grüssgott or *Grüss Gott*

"God greet you!"—formerly a favorite form of German greeting, particularly in Bavaria and Austria.

Gulden

Also called guilders and florins. They were first of gold, later of silver. The Austrian coin of silver was worth not quite fifty cents.

Hans Wurst

Or Jack Pudding, as he was sometimes called, was the clown of old German comedy, dressed in motley. As a marionette in Austria he came to be known as Kasperl and was provided with a long nose and a jointed thumb. He was a vulgar, cowardly braggart, noted for his huge appetite, and he spoke the Salzburg dialect.

Herr Canari

German for Mr. Canary.

Kapelle

The name given to a choir of singers or to an orchestra, or to both, attached to the Court of a prince or nobleman.

Kapellmeister

The German name for the director of the *Kapelle*.

Keller

The German word, meaning cellar, which also came to mean any eating place or restaurant. Hence St. Peters-keller was the keller or dining-hall at St. Peter's Monastery.

Krautkopf

Cabbagehead, often applied to a stupid person.

Kreutzer

An Austrian copper coin worth about half a cent.

Kuchen

German for cakes of any kind.

Lied

A German song, especially a folk song of forgotten origin. The German word for folk song is *Volkslied*.

Linden

Or lime tree, a tree that grows wild in many parts of Europe and is particularly associated with Germany. It often attains great size. The foliage is a delicate green, and the fragrant flowers grow in small cymes rising from the axils of the leaf. Early in the autumn the foliage becomes yellow and soon falls.

Link-boy

A youth who carried a flare to light pedestrians through the streets at night. His "link" was a torch made of tow and pitch.

Lime—see *Linden*

Mother Holda

Mother or Frau Holda figures prominently in folklore. She is a beautiful woman, clad in flowing white garments, and she lives in the mountains near springs. At times she can be heard singing in the mountains. She spins in leisure hours, and is the patroness of spinners. She rewards the diligent and punishes the lazy. She makes fruit trees bear and helps those who are needy. When it snows, she is shaking her feather bed, or plucking her geese.

Norns

The Norns of German folklore correspond to the Fates of Greece. They wove the destinies of human beings, performing three functions: they gave life; they gave evil or good fortune; they cut the thread of life.

Odin

Odin, sometimes known as Woden or Wotan, was first a wind and death god, later a war god, still later the chief god of Norse mythology. He had a great many names: the Gray Being, the Blinded One, the Hat with Brim Hanging Down, the Wanderer, the One Who Is Accustomed to the Road, the Far-Traveled One. As the god of the dead, he carried his charges through the air on his horse with eight legs. He was sometimes called the Weather-Maker, and mariners sacrificed to him in order to insure favorable winds. Odin had a great knowledge of runes; he was master of all secret formulas. He was always accompanied by two wolves, the Greedy One and the Great Eater, and usually by two ravens. He controlled the lightning. He lived in the mountains or in the clouds covering the mountains. The primitive Ger-

manic peoples connected the souls of the dead with the wind: whenever there was a windstorm, they said that Odin was leading his vast host of souls through the air. Odin's palace was called Valhalla—the paradise to which slain warriors were brought on the horses of the Valkyries, the warrior maidens led by Brunnhilde.

Rampion

A green salad vegetable.

Schnaps

Holland (or Hollands) gin, brandy, or other spirits.

St. Nikolaus Day

St. Nikolaus Day is equivalent to Christmas Day. St. Nikolaus, the patron saint of Russia, of thieves, virgins, and children, was a Bishop of Myra, Asia Minor, in about A.D. 300. His name has been corrupted to "Santa Claus."

Valkyries—see *Odin*

Wienerschnitzel

A German dish consisting of veal cutlets seasoned, garnished, and fried to a crusty, golden brown.

Witches

The belief in witchcraft was general all over Northern Europe for many centuries. Among German-speaking peoples, witches were called *Hexen,* and any woman was regarded as a witch who was supposed to have various magic powers—always evil. Witches could send out their souls to do harm, and could transform themselves into cats, toads, owls, and ravens. They could call up the dead and talk with them. The names "Night Riders" and "Night Women" were sometimes given to them because

they rode abroad through the air at night on pitchforks, brooms, cats, and goats. Their main pleasure was dancing, and their chief food horseflesh. Thunder was explained by the notion that *Hexen* were turning somersaults in the clouds. They had the power of bringing storms, and of bringing plagues of fleas and other pests. They milked their neighbors' cows at night. *Hexen* could be recognized by certain marks: their eyebrows grew together; they had flat feet; they dared not look their fellowmen in the face; their skin was yellow, their hair rough, and their bodies thin; they had special marks placed on their bodies by the Devil.

ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

Mentioned in the Story

Allemande

A French name (meaning "German") given to several German dances, especially to one in 2/4 time. In one movement the gentleman turns the lady under his arm. It was a favorite dance in Salzburg during the 18th century.

Chamber Music

Compositions for a small number of instruments, to be played in a "chamber" or room rather than a concert-hall. In this class are duo sonatas, trios, quartets, quintets, etc., as well as works for a "chamber orchestra" of a dozen or so instruments.

Clarinet

A wood-wind instrument with a distinctive and beautiful tone and an unusual range—more than three octaves. It is a cylinder of wood, bell-shaped at the lower end and with a single reed at the mouthpiece. The tube is pierced by some 20 holes and fitted with (usually) 13 keys, the pitch being regulated by pressing the keys and "stopping" the holes.

It must be remembered that this instrument has been greatly altered and improved since Mozart's day. When he first heard a clarinet, he was so delighted with its wide

compass and the variety of its tonal color that he wrote many compositions utilizing it, especially in combination with strings as in the great *Stadler* Quintet; and he made effective use of it in his symphonies because it provided him with a high voice in the wood-winds and he liked it better than the flute.

Clavier or *Clavichord*

This was one of the several forerunners of the modern piano, others being the harpsichord, clavecin, and spinet. The true clavier was a portable instrument, set in a box that had a lid. The clavichord usually had legs. The clavier's strings were set in vibration by a blow from a brass tangent (instead of the hammer used in the modern piano), and this action was produced by the player's striking of the keys. Its tone was extremely sweet, hesitant, and delicate, but its limited power made it unsuitable for use in a concert hall. Bach preferred it to the harpsichord; it was Mozart's favorite instrument; and Beethoven called it the most expressive of keyboard instruments.

Concerto

A modern concerto is a composition for orchestra and one or more instruments, in which the latter stand out in relief against the orchestral accompaniment, the featured instrument having the same relation to the orchestra as a singer. Usually it is written for one solo instrument (piano, violin, violoncello, etc.); sometimes for two (as Bach's Double Concerto for Two Violins, or Brahms' Double Concerto for Violin and 'Cello); for three (as Beethoven's Triple Concerto); or for four (as Bach's Four-Piano Concerto).

The term concerto is an old one, having been used first at the beginning of the 17th century in a different sense from the modern. The "church concerto" of that period was developed by Torelli, Vivaldi, Corelli, and others, until by the 18th century the "concerto grosso" was more like a symphony than like a modern concerto—it did not, that is, feature single instruments. It was Mozart who gave it the form we know today, and he wrote nearly fifty for various instruments.

Flute

A wood-wind instrument, the highest of all the wood-winds except the piccolo. It is a hollow pipe pierced with holes throughout its length, fitted with keys, and held sidewise from the player's mouth toward his right hand. Pitch is controlled by "stopping" the holes with the fingers and pressing the keys. Its tone is sweet and smooth, though shrill in the higher registers.

French Horn

One of the brass-winds, a long tube wound into circular form and gradually expanding to a flared bell at the far end; the mouthpiece is funnel-shaped. Its pitch is regulated by blowing and "stopping." Its original ancestor was the hunting horn, as appears in the French form of the name—*cor de chasse*. It has a mellow, romantic tone.

Glockenspiel

Originally an instrument consisting of a series of bells on an iron rod—the type carried by the Fowler in Mozart's *Magic Flute*. The modern glockenspiel is a set of flat metal bars which give forth bell-like sounds when struck with a mallet.

Harpsichord

Another ancestor of the piano; indeed, it looks like a tiny "grand piano." Its strings were twanged by quills operated from the keyboard, producing sweet, tinkling, delicate tones. It was the most important of all the keyed instruments that preceded the piano, being in general use in Europe from the 16th through the 18th centuries, and having almost countless compositions written for it, alone and in combination with voices or other instruments. Often it had two keyboards, one immediately above the other, and a number of pedals for various purposes.

The limitation of the harpsichord, as of the other keyboard instruments of its period, was its lack of variation in volume; the player, that is, could not make it sound loud and very loud, soft and very soft. It served well for "chamber music" but not for music played in a large concert hall. It is therefore easy to understand the delight of Mozart and other composers when, toward the end of the 18th century, there was developed a new instrument called by the Italian words for "soft" and "loud": the *piano-forte,* or (as we say now) the piano.

It is possible today to see and hear the harpsichord, for beautiful instruments are made by Pleyel in Paris and by Chickering in this country, and are played in regular concerts by noted harpsichordists who now bring us the music of the 17th and 18th centuries as it sounded then. Many such concerts can be heard on the radio from time to time.

Madrigal

A song written in three or more parts; also, a poem written to be set to music for voices, preferably several voices to each part.

Miserere

The name given to Psalm LI ("Have mercy upon me, O God") from the Latin word with which it opens. The most famous of the musical settings of this penitential Psalm is the *Miserere* of Gregorio Allegri, a Roman composer of the earlv 17th century, written for nine voices and two choirs.

Oboe

A wood-wind instrument lower than the flute and higher than the clarinet, consisting of a slender, conical tube flaring at the outer end and having a double reed at the mouthpiece. Its tones are reedy and penetrating, well suited to plaintive and pastoral effects.

Requiem

The form of Roman Catholic Mass said for the repose of a departed soul or souls. Its text has been set to music by many composers. Mozart's *Requiem* was the last work he composed.

Rondo

An instrumental composition of lively, cheerful character in which the same tune recurs again and again. The final movement of a symphony or of a sonata is often in rondo form.

Sonata

A composition in three or four movements, for piano, violin, 'cello, or any of several other instruments. A violin or 'cello sonata is more properly called a "duo sonata" since the piano accompaniment is commonly as important as the part written for the string instrument; that is, it is not merely an accompaniment. The classic

form of sonata is developed usually along well-recognized lines, its movements being (1) an Allegro (quick); (2) an Adagio, Largo, Andante, or other slow movement; (3) a Minuet, sometimes with a Trio; (4) a Finale, often in rondo form. Mozart's sonatas usually have only three movements. From the point of view of form and construction, the Sonata resembles the Symphony, though of course written for a smaller number of instruments.

String Quartets, etc.

A string quartet consists of first and second violins, viola, and violoncello. For a quintet a fifth instrument is added: another viola or 'cello or a piano. A sextet is usually 2 violins, 2 violas, and 2 'cellos. The combination (or "ensemble") larger than a quartet is often made by adding wind instruments to the strings. A trio commonly consists of violin, 'cello, and piano. For many of these combinations Mozart wrote much beautiful music.

Symphony

A work in several movements for orchestra, constructed usually in the Sonata form described above. The orchestra of Mozart's day was small; his symphonies were often scored for hardly more than a dozen instruments. Beethoven and his successors scored theirs for a larger number and variety of instruments, and our modern symphony calls for 60 or more players.

Te Deum

One of the most ancient of the hymns or canticles of the Christian Church, owing its origin probably to Bishop Nicetas of the Roman province of Dacia (modern Rumania), who flourished in the early part of the sixth cen-

tury. It is the great hymn of praise used ever since by the Catholic Church, the Church of England, and the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. The opening words are "Te Deum laudamus"—We praise Thee, O God. It has had innumerable musical settings.

Trombone

A brass-wind belonging to the trumpet family and consisting of a tube in three parts. The middle part, doubled back on itself in U-shape, slips into the end parts. The trombone can slide from note to note without a break and, when blown softly, has a rich and mellow tone. It can be noble and serious, or terrifying. Mozart used it in scoring for orchestral works only when he wanted to produce grand effects.

String Instruments

The string instruments in an orchestra are the violins (divided into first and second), the violas, the violoncellos, the double-basses (bass viols), and the harp.

Viola

A string instrument intermediate in size and compass between the violin and the violoncello, with a soft and silvery tone. Mozart's chamber music includes several lovely viola quintets, written for the usual string quartet "with the viola doubled"—that is, with two violas instead of only one.

Violin

This instrument hardly needs a definition, its rich and expressive tone, its wide compass, and its lovely and graceful shape being familiar to everybody. It has the leading place in every orchestra, the first player among the "first

violins" being called the Concertmaster. A "second violin" is the same as a "first"—that is, there is no difference in construction or tone; but the part given to it in the music is subordinate to that given to the first violins.

Violoncello

Notice the spelling: *-oncello,* not *-incello.* Usually referred to as a 'cello (pronounced *chello*), it is a bass violin, and though large is a beautiful instrument. At its lower end it has a pointed peg, so as to prevent slipping; for it rests on the floor. In former times it was often used in church processions, and was then carried by means of a shoulder strap to which was attached a metal hook that fastened into a hole in the back of the instrument; and many of the oldest violoncellos have this hole. Its range is low, though not so low as that of the double-bass (bass viol); it is tuned an octave lower than the viola.

Wind Instruments

These are divided into wood and brass. The wood-winds in an orchestra are (named from the highest downward) the flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon; and also usually the piccolo, English horn (which isn't a "horn"), double bassoon, and bass clarinet. The brass-winds include the horn, trumpet, cornet, trombone, and tuba.

PERSONS AND PLACES MENTIONED IN THE STORY

Allegri

Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652) was an Italian composer of church music. His famous *Miserere* is still heard in the Sistine Chapel at Rome during Holy Week every year.

André

The name of a famous family of music publishers in Frankfort, Germany, during the 18th and 19th centuries. Johann, the head of the family (d. 1799), composed some thirty operas and dramas, besides many songs, and assisted Mozart in the composition of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail.* His son, Johann Anton (d. 1842), went to Vienna in the year of his father's death and acquired from Mozart's widow, Konstanze, the entire musical remains of the composer; subsequently publishing them and issuing a catalogue. In his later life Johann Anton was a friend of the composer Mendelssohn.

Augustinian Friars

Members of the Order of St. Augustine, who was Bishop of Hippo in Northern Africa and whose teachings they followed; sometimes called the Austen Friars. Their habit was a long cassock covered by a black cloak.

Bach, J. C.

Johann Christian Bach was the youngest son of the great Johann Sebastian and was known as "the English Bach"

because he spent a large part of his life in England. When the Mozarts were in London he helped them to arrange for their concerts and taught Wolfgang the principles of the ornate Italian style of music.

Bach, J. S.

Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the two or three greatest figures in the history of music, was born in 1685 and died in 1750. He composed a very large amount of music in many forms, but during his lifetime and for nearly half a century afterward he was relatively unknown, his works being overshadowed in the popular taste by those of his sons. Mozart did not become acquainted with Bach's music until the latter part of his life when—on his journey to visit the King of Prussia—he stopped at Leipzig to see the Cantor of St. Thomas' Church where Bach had been Cantor for many years. Here Mozart heard some of Bach's chorales sung by the pupils in the Church school; and they were a revelation to him. He asked leave to borrow the parts so that he might study them, and as he read them he exclaimed, "Here is music that one can learn something from!"

Barrington

The Honorable Daines Barrington was an English lawyer, antiquary, naturalist, and writer of the late 18th century. For the Royal Society he wrote a paper on musical prodigies with special reference to young Mozart.

Beaumarchais

Pierre-Augustine Caron, whose pen-name was Beaumarchais, was the precursor of modern comedy. One of the most characteristic figures of the 18th century, he was

a master of intrigue and of affairs on a grand scale. He traveled all the roads of Europe on secret missions for Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. During the War of American Independence he furnished arms to the "insurgents." He was the author of *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, using the theater as a medium for presenting new ideas.

Beethoven

Ludwig van Beethoven is another of the giants of music, holding a unique position on two grounds: he was (in the words of Robert Haven Schauffler) "the man who freed music" from its traditional conventions, and he represents the bridge from the "classical" school to the "romantic" of the 19th century. He freed musicians, too, through insisting on the dignity and worth of composers and performers *as artists*. He wrote in many forms, and with unchallenged success in all except opera. As a comparatively young man he began to grow deaf—in 1795—and his deafness increased steadily until, twenty years later, he could hear only with great difficulty; for several years before he died (1827) he was completely deaf. But it was during this period, the first quarter of the 19th century, that he wrote his noblest works: the last piano sonatas, the Ninth Symphony, the Missa Solemnis, and the five final string quartets, besides a great deal of other music that has given joy and solace to mankind ever since. Beethoven was, personally, a far from agreeable man. He had a savage temper, he was unfair to those with whom he had dealings, he was careless in his dress. But we do not judge either him or his music by these things. We remember his continual illness, the deafness that was

so tragic a blow for a creative soul that found its very life in music, and his periodic money difficulties; and we forgive him whatever he was for the sake of all that he gave us.

Berchthold

Baron von Berchthold zu Sonnenberg was Warden of St. Gilgen and Aulich Councillor at Salzburg. In 1784 he married Marianne Mozart—"Nannerl," sister of the composer.

British Museum

The great national museum in London, established when in 1753 Sir Hans Sloane bequeathed to the nation his collections, including 50,000 books and manuscripts. By now it contains more than two million volumes in the department of printed books, besides many treasures in art and archaeology. Its collection of original Mozartiana includes the presentation copies of ten sonatas composed by Mozart in 1764-5 and the manuscript of *God Is Our Refuge.*

Burke

Edmund Burke was a great figure in the London that young Mozart knew. Irish by birth, Burke became one of the greatest British statesmen and orators of his age. In Parliament, his speeches on the difficulties with America, particularly his great plea "On Conciliation with the Colonies," created a sensation; as did also his speech occasioned by the outbreak of the French Revolution.

Coffee House

A term used in 18th-century London for a tavern where coffee and other refreshments were served. During the

first half of the century there were some two thousand of these coffee houses in London, and in them congregated men of affairs to discuss politics and hear the news of the day. During Queen Anne's reign the noblemen met in the West End of London, the tradesmen in the East. Marine news was to be had at Lloyd's; church matters were discussed at Child's, and legal matters at The Grecian; Whigs met at St. James's and Tories at The Cocoa-Tree; gallants looking for entertainment and pleasure went to White's, and authors met at Will's or Button's. Not a few of London's clubs that later became famous grew out of these coffee houses.

Comédie-Française

The French national theater in Paris, where classical dramas and other works of significance are presented.

Diderot

The scholar who took the most active part in preparing the famous *Encyclopædia* of France. Besides directing the work, he wrote for the *Encyclopædia* a number of articles on ancient philosophy and the mechanical arts. It was a monumental work devoted to art, literature, philosophy, and politics, though its articles were of unequal value. It was chiefly important in establishing the value of the scientific method and in accelerating the progress of the applied sciences.

Dresden Porcelain

A ware made near Dresden in Saxony, characterized by elaborate ornamentation and delicate figures in pastoral poses.

Drury Lane

A famous London theater which was originally a cockpit where cockfights were staged. It was converted into a theater during the reign of James I early in the 17th century. Later it was burned to the ground several times. The present structure was built in 1908.

Firmian

Brother to the archbishop who preceded Archbishop Sigismund in Salzburg, Count Firmian was considered the most learned man in Europe. As a student at the University of Salzburg he was sent off to Leyden on account of his liberal tendencies. At the time Mozart was in Italy, Firmian was Governor-General of Milan, and he was one of the few who fully appreciated Mozart's genius.

Franklin

As all good Americans know, Benjamin Franklin was a great statesman, philosopher, and writer, and moreover the most versatile of our countrymen, to whose inquiring mind and practical scientific genius we owe much. As Agent for the North American colonies Franklin spent many years in the capitals of Europe, winning high respect from the most important persons everywhere he went. He was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and—when our successful Revolution was over—became our Minister to France.

Gainsborough

An eminent British painter whose portraits are greatly admired for their rich coloring and their vigorous treatment of light and shade. Many of the best-known por-

traits of English men and women at the end of the 18th century were painted by Thomas Gainsborough.

Galiani

The Abbé Galiani was a Neapolitan, but he spent much of his life in Paris. At Madame D'Épinay's salon he was considered a witty conversationalist. On his return to Italy he carried on an extensive correspondence with various influential Europeans, and his letters present an amusing and instructive view of life during the latter part of the 18th century.

Garrick

The great English actor David Garrick made his first appearance on the stage in 1741, and his playing of Shakespeare's *Richard III* soon afterward led to his engagement at Drury Lane, the theater with which he was to be associated until his retirement in 1776. He was one of the group of influential and witty Londoners that included Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds—typical London figures of the latter half of the 18th century.

George III

Small explanation is needed for this third Hanoverian King, during whose reign the American Colonies were lost to Great Britain. He was the grandfather of Queen Victoria, whose reign of sixty-three years was only three years longer than his.

Gibbon

Edward Gibbon, author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* was one of the greatest of English historians. For much of his life he lived in Switzerland.

Gluck

German composer, always associated with French music since he was Court Musician in Paris during the reign of Marie Antoinette, though he subsequently went to Vienna where he had the same position. One of the reasons for young Mozart's difficulty in getting attention in Paris was that the city's musical world was preoccupied, at the time, with the feud that was going on between Gluck and his rival, the Italian composer Piccini. Everywhere—in the streets and the coffee houses, in the salons, in private houses, and at Court—people took sides, the younger music-lovers favoring Piccini because the unpopular Queen was a Gluckist. On Gluck's death in Vienna, the position of Court Composer went to Mozart.

Goethe

The greatest of German poets was Johann Wolfgang Goethe—perhaps the greatest of the world's lyric poets, as Shakespeare is the greatest of its dramatists. His most significant work is *Faust,* a long poem that has been called the "Divine Comedy" of the 18th century. (See *Doctor Faustus,* page 144.)

Goldsmith

Oliver Goldsmith—

> . . . for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel
> But talked like Poor Poll,

as his friend Garrick wrote of him, was one of the most lovable figures in English letters of the end of the 18th century. Irish-born, always poor, always shy and stammering and self-distrustful, Goldsmith wrote some of the

treasures of our literature—*The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted Village*, and other prose and poetry that we all come to enjoy. His friends—the group of congenial notables who ate daily at "The Cheshire Cheese"—might laugh gently at Goldsmith, but they loved and respected him. And today we still thank him for the perennial amusement he has provided for us in his play *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Grimm

Baron Friedrich Melchior Grimm is not to be confused with the two later Grimms who in the 19th century were to be Germany's greatest philologists and fairy-tale writers. The Baron Grimm was a renowned critic of literature who adopted France as his home and knew all the most eminent Frenchmen of his time.

Grub Street

The name given to a London street now called Milton Street. Dr. Johnson described it as "much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems," and the term has come to be a figure of speech for the poor surroundings in which struggling young writers are obliged to live until they find success.

Haffner

Elizabeth Haffner was the daughter of a Salzburg family who were friends of the Mozarts. In honor of her wedding (1776) Mozart wrote the delightful *Serenade in D*, and his *Haffner* Symphony (K. 385) was a tribute to the same family.

Handel

George Frederick Handel is the form of name common in England for the German composer Georg Friedrich Händel. Either form is accepted as correct, for Handel himself used the German form as long as he lived in Germany, but later—during the many years that he spent at the English Court, which was most of his grown-up life—he adopted the spelling without the *umlaut* over the a, and the English spelling of his Christian names.

His is one of the noblest figures in the history of music. Born in Germany in 1685 (d. 1759), he traveled in Europe and, in the course of his music studies, was greatly taken by the Italian style, which characterizes his compositions generally, and his operas in particular. He settled in London, where he became Court Musician to George I. His works were immensely popular in England, where society was, however, divided in its allegiance between Handel and another composer of operas resident then in London, Bononcini; and there was a long feud between the two men, which incidentally gave rise to the epigram:

> Some say, compared to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
> Strange, all this difference should be
> 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

Which is, by the way, the first appearance in print of the pair made famous in *Alice.*

Handel wrote many compositions for voices and instruments. His oratorios (*The Messiah, Saul, Samson,* etc.)

and his sacred and secular operas are still sung. The composition by him that all children know is the set of variations called *The Harmonious Blacksmith.*

Haydn

Joseph Haydn was a famous Austrian composer (1732-1809) who was living for many years before Mozart and continued to live long after him; so that, while at first Mozart learned from Haydn, later Haydn was to learn from Mozart. It was Joseph Haydn who altered the form of the 18th-century symphony by applying sonata principles to its structure, and so has often been called the father of the symphony. In a truer sense he is the father of the string quartet, which assumed its classical form in his hands. For many years he was Prince Esterhazy's Kapellmeister, composing prolifically for his patron's private orchestra.

The Austrians owe their national hymn to Haydn, who, visiting England and hearing *God Save the King,* was struck by the fact that Austria had no national anthem. On his return home, he found a poet who would write the words, while he himself wrote the music, for *Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser* (1797)—the tune to which we sing *Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.*

Hummel

J. N. Hummel was Mozart's most celebrated pupil. He was considered the finest piano virtuoso of his day, and his Masses and piano concertos are still played.

Jacquin

Gottfried Jacquin was Mozart's bosom friend, the son of Nikolaus Jacquin who was the director of the Imperial

gardens at Schönbrunn. Mozart spent many happy hours in the Jacquin family circle. For Gottfried, who had a good bass voice, Mozart wrote the aria *Mentre ti lascio, o figlia.*

Johnson

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a conspicuous figure in the life of 18th-century England, renowned not only for his writings—of which the *Dictionary* is the most important —but perhaps still more for his character and conversation; both of them brilliantly revealed to us in that classic biography, Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* Goldsmith once said of him that, if Dr. Johnson were to write a fable about small fishes, he would make them talk like whales; and, indeed, his pompous style and long words are among the things we think of first in connection with The Great Lexicographer. When we remember how eccentric he was, how fond of crushing those who disagreed with him or were ignorant or presumptuous, we must not forget that he was also deeply devout, really kindhearted, and unusually learned, and that the greatest Englishmen of his day were proud to be his friends.

Jomelli

Nicolo Jomelli was an eminent Italian composer of the Neapolitan School. His *Miserere* for two voices is a fine example of Italian church music of the 18th century.

Joseph II

Austrian Emperor, the brother of Marie Antoinette and the son of Empress Maria Theresa, whom he succeeded.

Kelly

Michael Thomas Kelly, Irish actor and singer, played in the original production of *The Marriage of Figaro* by

Mozart, and his *Reminiscences* (1826) contain some interesting personal memories of the composer.

Maria Theresa

One of the most remarkable woman rulers that the world has ever known. Succeeding to her father's throne—Austria, or the Holy Roman Empire—she fought to retain it in the teeth of the other European powers. By her husband, Francis of Lorraine, she had a large family, many of whom grew up to occupy thrones in various countries of Europe. She lived in an age of warfare and complicated international politics, and herself was almost as good a soldier as she was diplomat.

Martini

Giovanni Battista Martini, always called Padre Martini, was the outstanding European patron of music, and head of the Accademia Filharmonica of Bologna in the years during which Mozart made his trips to Italy. He wrote a history of music, *Storia della Musica*, and a treatise on counterpoint, and was considered a musician of the profoundest academic skill and learning.

Maximilian

Archduke Maximilian was Maria Theresa's youngest son. In his honor Mozart wrote the opera *Il Rè Pastore.*

Michael Angelo

One of the greatest Italian painters of the Renaissance (1475-1564), Michael Angelo was also a sculptor and an architect. Born in Tuscany, he early displayed such remarkable talent that the Florentine art-lover Lorenzo de' Medici took him into his service. He had a peculiar genius for depicting the grand and the terrible, and his

mastery of correct design and knowledge of anatomy have probably never been equaled by any other artist.

Metastasio

Pietro Antonio Metastasio was the dean of Italian librettists (a libretto, or "little book," is the words of an opera), his librettos being written in the "grand" or classic manner. Mozart set four of them to music, among them being *Il Rè Pastore, Il Sogno di Scipione,* and *La Clemenza di Tito.*

Minorite Friars

Minorite was the name given to the Franciscan Friars in token of their humility. They were known also as the Gray Friars because of the original color of their habit. Among the Orders that branched off from the Franciscans at various times were the Conventual Franciscans, the Cordeliers, the Barefooted Friars, and the Capuchins.

Ponte, da

Lorenzo da Ponte, a Jew by birth, became a Roman Catholic and entered the priesthood. He was a poet of some ability and, when he went to Vienna, became attached to the Court. Here he wrote the librettos for Mozart's *Don Giovanni, The Marriage of Figaro,* and *Così fan Tutte.* He emigrated to America and died in New York in 1838.

Reynolds

Sir Joshua Reynolds was recognized as the greatest portrait-painter of his day—the close of the 18th century. In 1784 he was appointed painter to King George III, and was the first president of the Royal Academy.

Among his intimates were Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith.

Rousseau

Jean-Jacques Rousseau was the social philosopher who undoubtedly had the most powerful influence on 18th-century thinking, his ideas having not only started the ferment that led to the French Revolution, but also directed the whole Romantic movement in literature and the arts which characterized the end of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries. For Rousseau, Nature was perfect, the savage man was the ideal man, and artificial social development—civilization—was bad. These ideas were set forth in various works, chiefly *The Social Contract.*

Salons

The salons of France were the drawing-rooms of brilliant and influential women, together with the people who came there to talk and exchange ideas: a social institution that has never flourished at any other time or place than 18th-century France. The most famous salons were those of Mlle. de Lespinasse, Mme. du Deffand, Mme. D'Épinay, Mme. d'Helvétius, Mme. d'Holbach, and Mme. Necker; and to them flocked the leading wits and writers of the day—Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and others—as well as distinguished foreigners visiting in Paris.

Salzburg

As Mozart's birthplace, Salzburg has become a shrine for lovers of his music. An old and lovely Austrian town lying on the border between Bavaria and Austria on the

Salzach river, in the heart of the magnificent Austrian Alps, it draws thousands of visitors every year to its Mozart Festival in August, when for a month the finest music in the world is played by great organizations under famous conductors. At Salzburg is the Mozarteum, a school for musicians and the home of the Mozart-Gemeinde, an international society which collects funds for the upkeep of Mozart's birthplace and other places associated with him.

Salzburg—his birthplace—we can visit and honor. His burial place, alas, is not known; but, though he lies in an unmarked pauper's grave in Vienna, that city raised a monument to him, in 1859, over the spot in St. Stephan's cemetery where he is thought to have been buried.

Sistine Chapel

The Pope's private chapel in the Vatican, named for Pope Sixtus IV who built it, and decorated with frescoes by Michael Angelo and other painters.

Stradivari

Or Stradivarius, to use the familiar Latin form of the name, was the greatest maker of violins and other string instruments that the world has ever known. He lived in Cremona, Italy, during the late 17th and early 18th centuries, making instruments whose beauty of tone and design seems to have been a secret that was known only to Antonio Stradivari, since it has never been possible since to duplicate them. He sold his violins for something like $20 each; now, a genuine Stradivarius costs many thousand dollars, and every one in existence is known.

Süssmayer

François Xavier Süssmayer was one of Mozart's pupils, who was with him at the end of his life during the time when Mozart was composing the *Requiem,* left unfinished at his death in 1793. The mysterious messenger whom Nannerl describes in the story—the man who ordered the composition of the *Requiem*—has since proved to have been an agent of Count von Walsegg. The Count, who lived at some distance from Vienna, was ambitious to be known as a composer; so, when his wife died, he ordered from Mozart a Requiem which he intended to pass off as his own work.

Mozart set to work on it, dying though he was; and wrote nine parts, up to the part called the *Lacrimosa.* Of this he wrote a few bars, and then his hand paused, never to move again. After his death Konstanze, his widow, was worried by the fact that the work, already paid for, was only partly done, and she appealed to several musicians to finish it. Eventually Süssmayer consented to finish the *Lacrimosa* and write the other three parts: the *Sanctus* and *Hosanna,* the *Benedictus,* and the *Agnus Dei;* copying Mozart's hand so well that for years the hoax went undiscovered—and the Count received the music he had ordered.

Voltaire

A dominating figure in the history of men's thought, François-Marie Arouet, whose pen-name was Voltaire, was a French philosopher, dramatist, and historian during the eighteenth century. He personified what that century called *esprit*—a mixture of malice, verve, and irony, which gave charm to his frivolous works and a spice to his

serious ones. As an historian he was the first to respect the importance of source-material, the first to realize how necessary research is if one is to write history, the first to write "philosophical history"—that is, history that tries to interpret the motives of men of the past. As a result of all this, he fell out of favor with the King and was first thrown into the Bastille and then exiled to Switzerland; where, however, he continued to write with undiminished effectiveness. His most popular work is the novel *Candide.*

Walpole

Horace Walpole was a member of a great English family from which the contemporary novelist Hugh Walpole is descended. At Strawberry Hill, his country place on the Thames above London, Horace Walpole dabbled—in literature, in landscape gardening, in art, in criticism; and seldom did more than dabble. But he was influential in society—English society of the 18th century—and his romance of Gothic horror called *The Castle of Otranto* had a great vogue. He is remembered also for his voluminous correspondence, extending over many years, with Mme. du Deffand.

Wedgwood, Josiah

The pitchers, vases, and the like that are made of delicate white or blue ware with raised figures of flowers, persons, historic scenes, etc., and known as Wedgwood pottery, are the product of a famous pottery works in England which in the 18th century was founded by the Wedgwood family. The most famous Wedgwood was Sir Josiah, who was responsible for most of the scientific improvements in pottery-making in England.

MOZART'S JOURNEYS

January, 1762—Munich
September, 1762—Vienna
November, 1763—Paris
April, 1764—London
September, 1765—Holland
May, 1766—Paris
August, 1766—Lyons
September, 1766—Berne and Zurich
October, 1766—Ulm, Guizberg, Dillengen
November, 1766—Munich and Salzburg
Summer of 1767—Vienna
December, 1768—Salzburg
December, 1769—Italy
December, 1771—Salzburg
October, 1772—Italy
August, 1773—Salzburg
September, 1773—Vienna
1773-1774—Salzburg
January, 1775—Munich
September, 1777—Paris trip
September, 1778—Left Paris for Salzburg (visited Mannheim and Munich)
From 1779-1780—Salzburg
1780—Munich
From 1781-1791—Vienna

BOOKS ABOUT MOZART AND MUSIC

Life of Mozart, by Marcia Davenport. Scribner, New York.
Mozart, by Sacheverell Sitwell. Appleton, New York.
Life of Mozart (including his correspondence), by Edward Holmes. Dutton, New York.
Wolfgang Amade Mozart, by Dyneley Hussey. Harper, New York.
Life of Mozart, by Otto Jahn. 3 vols. Novello, London.
Mozart, by Eustace J. Breakspeare. Dutton, New York.
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, by F. E. Gehring. Scribner, New York.
Mozart—The Man and the Artist as Revealed in His Own Words, compiled by Friedrich Kerst, translated by H. E. Krehbiel. Viking Press, New York.
Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, collected by Hans Mersmann, translated by M. M. Bozman. Dutton, New York.
Mozart, by Ebenezer Prout. George Bell & Sons, London.
Mozart's Youth, by Hoffman, translated by George P. Upton. McClurg, Chicago.
Mozart, the Wonder Boy, by O. Wheeler and S. Deucher. Dutton, New York.
"Mozart" in *Young People's Story of Music,* by Ida Prentice Whitcomb. Dodd, Mead, New York.
"When Mozart Raced with Marie Antoinette" in *Boyhood Stories of Famous Men,* by Katherine Dunlap Cather. Century Co., New York.
Story-Lives of Master Musicians, by Harriette Moore Brower. Stokes, New York.

The Musical Pilgrim, by A. E. F. Dickinson. Oxford University Press, New York.

Musicians' Wit, Humor, and Anecdote, by Frederick J. Crowest. Scribner, New York.

"Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart" in *Famous Composers,* by Nathan Haskell Dole. Crowell, New York.

Mozart's Operas, by Edward J. Dent. Chatto & Windus, London.

Stories of the Great Operas, by Ernest Newman. Knopf, New York.

The Victor Book of the Opera. Simon & Schuster, New York.

Mozart and the Sonata Form, by J. Raymond Tobin. William Reeves, London.

Mozart's String Quartets, by T. F. Dunhill. Oxford University Press, New York.

Mozart's compositions in *Master Series for the Young,* selected and edited by Edwin Hughes. Schirmer, New York.

Mozart's works in the Breitkopf & Härtel edition; or the "miniature" scores in the Philharmonia or the Eulenburg edition (obtainable from any music dealer); or the miniature scores (symphonies only) edited by Albert E. Wier (Harcourt, New York).

How Music Grew, by Marion Bauer and Ethel Peyser. Putnam, New York.

Alice in Orchestralia, by Ernest La Prade. Doubleday, New York.

Making an Orchestra, by Dorothy B. Cummins. Macmillan, New York.

The Orchestra and Its Instruments, by Esther Singleton. Brentano, New York.

Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians.* Macmillan, New York, 1935 edition. The article on Mozart, by C. B. Oldman, and other articles on the great composers, on the orchestra and its instruments, etc.

MOZART'S COMPOSITIONS

NOTE—*Mozart's works are always distinguished and identified by their "Köchel numbers," assigned by the musicologist Köchel of Vienna and Salzburg in his Mozart catalog of 1862. Since that time many new manuscripts have been discovered and added to the list, so that the numbering gradually became confused. The new (third) edition of the Köchel catalog (1937) shows the revised numbering of many of the works; and, in the list below, these works are provided with both their familiar numbers and (in parentheses) their new Köchel numbers.*

An asterisk before the title of a composition indicates that it can be bought (in whole or in part) in a phonograph recording. All existing recordings have been listed to early autumn, 1937.

I—Instrumental

A—For Orchestra

1. Symphonies

K. 16, E flat major—strings, oboes, horns. Composed in London, 1764-5.

K. 19, D major—strings, oboes, horns. London, 1765.

K. 22, B flat major—strings, oboes, horns. The Hague, 1765.

K. 76 (42a), F major—strings, oboes, bassoons, horns. Vienna, 1767.

K. 45, D major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Vienna, 1768.

Anh. 221 (45a), G major—strings, oboes, horns. Vienna, 1768.

Anh. 214 (45b), B flat major—strings, oboes, horns. Vienna, 1768.

K. 48, D major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets. Vienna, 1768.

K. 81 (73b), D major—strings, oboes, horns. Rome, 1770.
K. 97 (73m), D major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Rome, 1770.
K. 95 (73n), D major—strings, flutes (or oboes), trumpets. Rome, 1770.
K. 84 (73q), D major—strings, oboes, horns. Milan and Bologna, 1770.
K. 74, G major—strings, oboes, horns. Milan, 1770.
Anh. 216 (74g), B flat major—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 75, F major—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 73 (75a), C major—strings, oboes (or flutes), horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 110 (75b), G major—strings, oboes, horns. *Andante* adds flutes and bassoons. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 96 (111b), C major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Milan, 1771.
*K. 112, F major—strings, oboes, horns. Milan, 1771.
K. 114, A major—strings, flutes, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 124, G major—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 128, C major—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 129, G major—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 130, F major—strings, flutes, horns in C, horns in F. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 132, E flat major—strings, oboes, horns in E flat. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 133, D major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets. *Andante* has a flute obbligato. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 134, A major—strings, flutes, horns in A. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 161 and 163 (141a), D major—strings, flutes, oboes, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Salzburg, Milan, 1772.
K. 162, C major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1773.
K. 199 (162a), G major—strings, flutes, horns. Salzburg, 1773.
K. 181 (162b), D major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1773.

K. 184 (166a), E flat major—*Ouverture* for strings, flutes, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1773.

K. 182 (166c), B flat major—strings, oboes, horns. In the *Andantino,* flutes replaced by oboes. Salzburg, 1773.

K. 200 (173e), C major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Salzburg, 1773.

K. 183, G minor—strings, oboes, horns in B, horns in G, bassoons. Salzburg, 1773.

K. 201 (186a), A major—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1774.

K. 202 (186b), D major—strings, oboes, horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1774.

Anh. 9 (297b), E flat major—*Sinfonia Concertante* for solo oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon; with strings, oboes, horns. Paris, 1778.

K. 297 (300a), D major—strings, flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Paris, 1778.

Anh. 8 (311a), B flat major—*Ouverture* for strings, flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. (*Andante* and *Allegro spiritoso* only.) Paris, 1778.

K. 318, † G major—strings, flutes, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. (*Allegro* and *Andante* only.) Salzburg, 1779.

*K. 319, B flat major—strings, oboes, bassoons, horns. Salzburg, 1779.

*K. 338, C major—strings, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Salzburg, 1780.

*K. 385, D major (*Haffner*)—strings, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Vienna, 1782.

*K. 425, C major—strings, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Linz, 1783.

K. 444 (425a), G major—strings, oboes, horns. *Andante* adds a flute. (By Michael Haydn, Mozart having written the *Introduction* only.) Linz, 1783.

† The original manuscript of this Symphony, in Mozart's hand, is in the New York Public Library.

*K. 504, D major (*Prague* Symphony, or Symphony without a Minuet)—strings, flutes, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Vienna, 1786.

*K. 543, E flat major—strings, flute, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Vienna, 1788.

*K. 550, G minor—strings, flute, oboes, bassoons, horns; a clarinet added later by Mozart. Vienna, 1788.

*K. 551, C major (*Jupiter*)—strings, flute, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Vienna, 1788.

2. Serenades, Divertimenti, etc.

K. 62, Cassation (*Marche*) in D major—4 instruments. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 99 (63a), Cassation in B flat major—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 100 (62a), Serenade in D major—strings, oboes (or flutes), horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 101 (250a), Serenade in F major—strings, oboes (flutes, bassoon), horns. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 185 (167a), Serenade in D major—strings, oboes (or flutes), horns, trumpets. Vienna, 1773.

K. 203 (189b), Serenade in D major—strings, oboes (flutes), bassoon, horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1774.

K. 204 (213a), Serenade in D major—strings, oboes (flutes), bassoon, horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1775.

*K. 239, Serenade in D major—for 2 small orchestras, strings and kettledrums. Salzburg, 1776.

*K. 250 (248b), Serenade in D major (*Haffner*)—strings, oboes (or flutes), bassoons, horns, trumpets. Salzburg, 1776.

*K. 320, Serenade in D major—strings, flutes, oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets, kettledrums. Salzburg, 1779.

*K. 361 (370a), Serenade in B flat major (*Gran Partita*)—oboes, clarinets, basset horns, waldhorns, bassoons, contrabass. Munich and Vienna, 1781.

K. 375, Serenade in E flat major—clarinets, horns, bassoons (oboes added later by Mozart). Vienna, 1781.

K. 388 (384a), Serenade in C minor (*Nacht musique*)—oboes, clarinets, horns, bassoons. Vienna, 1782.

*K. 525, Serenade in G major (*Eine kleine Nachtmusik*)—5 strings. Vienna, 1787.

*K. 63, Divertimento in G major (*Final-Musik*)—strings, oboes, horns. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 113, Divertimento in E flat major—strings, clarinets, horns (oboes, English horns, bassoons added later by Mozart). Milan, 1771.

*K. 131, Divertimento in D major—strings, flute, oboe, bassoon, horns. Salzburg, 1772.

K. 166 (159d), Divertimento in E flat major—oboes, clarinets, horns, English horns, bassoons. Salzburg, 1773.

K. 186 (159b), Divertimento in B flat major—oboes, clarinets, horns, English horns, bassoons. Milan, 1773.

K. 187 (159c), Divertimento in C major—flutes, trumpets in C, trumpets in D, kettledrums. Composed for the anniversary of the Archbishop's enthronement, 1773(?).

*K. 188 (240b), Divertimento in C major—flutes, trumpets in C, trumpets in D, kettledrums. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 205 (173a), Divertimento in D major—strings, bassoon, horns. Vienna, 1773.

*K. 213, Divertimento in F major—oboes, horns, bassoons. Salzburg, 1775.

Anh. 226 (196e), Divertimento in E flat major—oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns. Munich, 1775.

Anh. 227 (196f), Divertimento in B flat major—oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns. Munich, 1775.

*K. 240, Divertimento in B flat major—oboes, horns, bassoons. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 247, Divertimento in F major—strings and horns. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 251, Divertimento in D major (*Septett*)—strings, oboe, horns. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 252 (240a), Divertimento in E flat major—oboes, horns, bassoons. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 253, Divertimento in F major—oboes, horns, bassoons. Salzburg, 1776.

*K. 270, Divertimento in B flat major—oboes, horns, bassoons. Salzburg, 1777.

K. 287 (271b), Divertimento in B flat major—strings, horns in B. Salzburg, 1777.

K. 288 (271h), Divertimento in F major—strings and horns. Salzburg, 1777.

*K. 289 (271g), Divertimento in E flat major—oboes, bassoons, horns. Salzburg, 1777.

*K. 334 (320b), Divertimento in D major—strings and horns. Salzburg, 1779.

K. 286 (269a), Notturno, Divertimento in D major—strings and horns (4 times). Salzburg, 1776-7.

3. Dance Tunes for Orchestra

K. 25a (Anh. 293a), Minuet (Beethoven).

K. 64, Minuet in D major. 1769.

K. 65a (61b), 7 Minuets for strings. 1769.

K. 103 (61d), 19 Minuets. 1769.

K. 104 (61e), 6 Minuets. 1769.

K. 105 (61f), 6 Minuets. 1769.

K. 61g, 2 Minuets. 1769.

K. 61h, 6 Minuets. 1769.

K. 122 (73t), Minuet. 1770.

K. 164 (130a), 6 Minuets. 1772.

K. 176, 16 Minuets. 1773.

K. 363, 3 Minuets. 1780.

K. 461 (448a), 6 Minuets. 1784.

K. 568, 12 Minuets. 1788.

K. 585, 12 Minuets. 1789.

K. 599, 6 Minuets. 1791.

K. 601, 4 Minuets. 1791.

K. 604, 2 Minuets. 1791.

*K. 509, 6 German Dances. 1787.

K. 536, 6 German Dances. 1788.

K. 567, 6 German Dances. 1788.

*K. 571, 6 German Dances. 1789.

K. 586, 12 German Dances. 1789.

*K. 600, 6 German Dances. 1791.

*K. 602, 4 German Dances. 1791.

*K. 605, 3 Dances. 1791.

K. 611, Dance. 1791.

*K. 606, 6 Ländler (Country Dances). 1791.
K. 106 (588a), Ouverture and 3 Kontretänze. 1790.
K. 123 (73g), Kontretanz. 1770.
*K. 267 (271c), 4 Kontretänze. 1777.
K. 300, Gavotte. 1778.
K. 462 (448b), 6 Kontretänze. 1784.
K. 463 (448c), 2 Quadrilles. 1784.
K. 510 (Anh. 293b), 9 Kontretänze. 1787.
K. 534, Kontretanz, *The Thunderstorm.* 1788.
*K. 535, Kontretanz, *The Battle.* 1788.
K. 535a, 3 Kontretänze. 1788.
K. 565, 2 Kontretänze. 1788.
K. 587, Kontretanz, *The Victory of the Hero of Coburg.* 1789.
K. 603, 2 Kontretänze. 1791.
K. 607, Kontretanz. 1791.
*K. 609, 5 Kontretänze. 1791.
K. 610, Kontretanz, *The Malicious Girls.* 1791.
K. 446 (416a), Music for a Pantomime. 1783.

4. Marches, Symphonic Movements, Minor Orchestration

K. 189 (167b), March in D major. 1773.
K. 214, March in C major. 1775.
K. 215 (213b), March in D major. 1775.
K. 237 (189c), March in D major. 1774.
K. 248, March in F major. 1776.
K. 249, March in D major. 1776.
K. 290 (173b), March in D major. 1773.
K. 335 (320a), Two Marches in D major. 1779.
K. 445 (320c), March in D major. 1779.
K. 408 (383e and 385a), Four Marches. 1782.
K. 544, March in D major. 1788.

K. 409 (383f), Symphony-Minuet in C major. 1782.
Anh. 103 (320f), *La Chasse,* A major. 1779.
K. 120 (111a), Finale in D major for the Symphony of *Ascanio in Alba.* 1771.
K. 121 (207a), Finale in D major for a symphony or a Divertimento. 1775.

K. 161 and 163 (141a), *Allegro* and *Andante* in D major for a symphony. 1772.

K. 215 (213b), Finale for symphony or Divertimento. 1775.

K. 608, Fantasia in A flat major for an organ waltz (*"Ein Orgel-Stück für eine Uhr"*). 1791.

K. 616, *Andante* in F major for a small organ. 1791.

K. 32, Galimathias musicum (*Quodlibet*) in D major. 1766.

K. 477 (479a), Masonic Dead March in C minor. 1785.

K. 522, A Musical Joke, in F major, for strings and horns. 1787.

K. 410 (440d), *Adagio* in F major for bassoon and 2 basset horns. 1783.

*K. 411 (440a), *Adagio* in B flat major for 2 clarinets and 3 basset horns. 1783.

K. 594, *Adagio* and *Allegro* in A flat major for an organ waltz (*"Ein Stück für ein Orgelwerk in einer Uhr"*). 1790.

B—Concertos

1. For Violin and Orchestra

*Anh. 294a, D major (*Adelaide*). Paris, 1766. Dedicated by the boy Mozart to the Princess Adelaide, daughter of King Louis XV. Only recently discovered, and played for the first time in 1933, by Yehudi Menuhin at Carnegie Hall, New York City.

K. 207, B flat major. Salzburg, 1775.

K. 211, D major. Salzburg, 1775.

*K. 216, G major. Salzburg, 1775.

*K. 218, D major (*Turkish*). Salzburg, 1775.

*K. 219, A major. Salzburg, 1775.

*K. 271a (271i), D major. Salzburg, 1777.

*K. 268 (365b), E flat major. Salzburg and Munich, 1780.

*K. 261, *Adagio* in E major for a violin concerto, alternative for slow movement of K. 219. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 269 (261a), Rondo Concertante (Finale) in B flat major for a violin concerto, alternative for Finale of K. 207. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 373, Rondo in C major for a violin concerto. Vienna, 1781.
K. 470, *Andante* in A major for a violin concerto. Vienna, 1785.
K. 190 (166b), Concerto in C major for two violins. Salzburg, 1773.
*K. 364 (320d), Concertante Sinfonie in E flat major for violin and viola. Salzburg, 1779.

2. For Piano and Orchestra

K. 37, F major (Raupach-Honauer). Salzburg, 1767.
K. 39, B flat major (Raupach-Schobert). Salzburg, 1767.
K. 40, D major (Honauer-Eckard-K. P. E. Bach). Salzburg, 1767.
K. 41, G major (Honauer-Raupach). Salzburg, 1767.
K. 175, D major. Salzburg, 1773.
K. 238, B flat major. Salzburg, 1776.
K. 246, C major (*Lützow*). Salzburg, 1776.
*K. 271, E flat major (*Jeunehomme*). Salzburg, 1777.
K. 413 (387a), F major. Vienna, 1782-3.
*K. 414 (386a), A major. Vienna, 1782.
K. 415 (387b), C major. Vienna, 1782-3.
*K. 449, E flat major. Vienna, 1784.
*K. 450, B flat major. Vienna, 1784.
K. 451, D major. Vienna, 1784.
*K. 453, G major. Vienna, 1784.
K. 456, B flat major. Vienna, 1784.
*K. 459, F major. Vienna, 1784.
*K. 466, D minor. Vienna, 1785.
K. 467, C major. Vienna, 1785.
*K. 482, E flat major. Vienna, 1785.
*K. 488, A major. Vienna, 1786.
K. 491, C minor. Vienna, 1786.
K. 503, C major. Vienna, 1786.
*K. 537, D major (*Coronation*). Vienna, 1788.
*K. 595, B flat major. Vienna, 1791.
*K. 382, Concerto Rondo in D major. Vienna, 1782.

K. 386, Concerto Rondo in A major. Vienna, 1782. (First published and played in 1937.)
*K. 107 (21b), Concerto arr. from 3 clavier sonatas by Johann Christian Bach (*Jugendkonzert*). London, 1765.

K. 365 (316a), Concerto in E flat major for two pianos. Salzburg, 1779.
K. 242, Concerto in F major for three pianos (*Lodron*). Salzburg, 1776.

3. For Wind Instrument and Orchestra

*K. 191 (186e), for bassoon, B flat major. Salzburg, 1774.
K. 293 (416f), for oboe, F major. Vienna, 1783.
*K. 299 (297c), for flute and harp, C major. Paris, 1778.
K. 313 (285c), for flute, G major. Mannheim, 1778.
*K. 314 (285d), for flute (oboe?), D major. Mannheim, 1778.
K. 412 (386b), for horn, D major. Vienna, 1782.
K. 417, for horn, E flat major. Vienna, 1783.
K. 447, for horn, E flat major. Vienna, 1783.
K. 495, for horn, E flat major. Vienna, 1786.
*K. 622, for clarinet, A major. Vienna, 1791.
*K. 315 (285e), *Andante* movement for flute concerto in C major. Mannheim, 1778.
K. 371, Rondo finale for horn concerto in E flat major. Vienna, 1781.

C—Chamber Music

1. Duo Sonatas for Piano and Violin

K. 6, C major. Salzburg, Brussels, Paris, 1762-4.
K. 7, D major. Paris, 1763-4.
K. 8, B flat major. Paris, 1763-4.
K. 9, G major. Paris, 1764.
K. 10, B flat major (for violin or flute). London, 1764 (*"âgé de huit ans"*).
K. 11, G major (for violin or flute). London, 1764.

K. 26, E flat major. The Hague, 1766.
K. 27, G major. The Hague, 1766.
K. 28, C major. The Hague, 1766.
K. 29, D major. The Hague, 1766.
K. 30, F major. The Hague, 1766.
K. 31, B flat major. The Hague, 1766.

K. 55 (Anh. 209c), F major.
K. 56 (209d), C major.
K. 57 (209e), F major.
K. 58 (209f), E flat major.
K. 59 (209g), E flat major.
K. 60 (209h), E minor.
K. 61 (290a), A major.
} Date and place uncertain

*K. 296, C major. Mannheim, 1778.
K. 301 (293a), G major. Mannheim, 1778.
*K. 302 (293b), E flat major. Mannheim, 1778.
K. 303 (293c), C major. Mannheim, 1778.
*K. 304 (300c), E minor. Paris, 1778.
*K. 305 (293d), A major. Paris, 1778.
K. 306 (300e), D major. Paris, 1778.
*K. 376 (374d), F major. Vienna, 1781.
K. 377 (374e), F major. Vienna, 1781.
*K. 378 (317d), B flat major. Salzburg, 1779.
K. 379 (373a), G major. Vienna, 1781.
K. 380 (374f), E flat major. Vienna, 1781.
K. 402 (385e), A major. Vienna, 1782.
K. 403 (385c), C major. Vienna, 1782.
*K. 454, B flat major. Vienna, 1784.
*K. 481, E flat major. Vienna, 1785.
*K. 526, A major. Vienna, 1787.
Anh. 50 (526a), A major. Vienna, 1787.
Anh. 47 (546a), G major. Vienna, 1788.

K. 359 (374a), Variations on *La Bergère Célimène.* Vienna, 1781.
K. 360 (374b), Variations on *Hélas, j'ai perdu mon amant.* Vienna, 1781.

K. 547, Sonatina in F major (*Eine kleine Klavier Sonate für Anfänger mit einer Violin*). Vienna, 1788.

Anh. 48 (480a), *Allegro* in A major for a duo sonata. Vienna, 1785.

K. 372, *Allegro* in B flat major for a duo sonata. Vienna, 1781.

K. 396 (385f), *Adagio* in C minor for a duo sonata. Vienna, 1782.

K. 404 (385d), *Andante* and *Allegretto* in C major for a duo sonata. Vienna, 1783.

2. Duos and Trios for Strings and for Wind

K. 46d, Duo for violin (?) and violoncello, or for clavier, C major. Vienna, 1768.

K. 46e, Duo for violin (?) and violoncello, or for clavier, F major. Vienna, 1768.

K. 423, Duo for violin and viola in G major. Salzburg, 1783.

*K. 424, Duo for violin and viola in B flat major. Salzburg, 1783.

K. 266 (271f), Trio for 2 violins and violoncello in B flat major. Salzburg, 1777.

K. 404a, Six 3-voice (J. S.) Bach fugues arr. for violin, viola, violoncello. Vienna, 1782.

*K. 563, Divertimento for violin, viola, violoncello in B flat major. Vienna, 1788.

K. 443 (385l), Fugue for violin, viola, violoncello in G major. Vienna, 1783.

Anh. 229 and 229a (439b), Five divertimenti for clarinets and bassoon in B flat major. Vienna, 1783.

K. 487 (496a), Twelve duos for horns in C major. Vienna, 1786.

K. 292 (196c), Sonata for bassoon and violoncello in B flat major. Munich, 1775.

3. String Quartets (2 violins, viola, violoncello)

*K. 80 (73f), G major. Lodi and Vienna, 1770, 1773 (or Salzburg, 1774).

*K. 136 (125a), Divertimento in D major. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 137 (125b), Divertimento in B flat major. Salzburg, 1772.
*K. 138 (125c), Divertimento in F major. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 155 (134a), D major. Bozen, 1772.
K. 156 (134b), G major. Milan, 1772.
K. 157, C major. Milan, 1772.
K. 158, F major. Milan, 1773.
K. 159, B flat major. Milan, 1773.
K. 160 (159a), E flat major. Milan and Salzburg, 1773.
K. 168, F major. Vienna, 1773.
K. 169, A major. Vienna, 1773.
K. 170, C major. Vienna, 1773.
*K. 171, E flat major. Vienna, 1773.
K. 172, B flat major. Vienna, 1773.
K. 173, D minor. Vienna, 1773.
*K. 387, G major. Vienna, 1782.
*K. 421 (417b), D minor. Vienna, 1783.
*K. 458, B flat major. *Hunting*. Vienna, 1784.
*K. 428 (421b), E flat major. Vienna, 1783.
*K. 464, A major. Vienna, 1785.
*K. 465, C major. Vienna, 1785.

} The six quartets dedicated to Joseph Haydn

*K. 499, D major. Vienna, 1786.
*K. 575, D major. Vienna, 1789.
*K. 589, B flat major. Vienna, 1790.
*K. 590, F major. Vienna, 1790.

} The three quartets dedicated to Frederick William II

K. 405, Five 4-voice (J. S.) Bach fugues arr. for string quartet. Vienna, 1782-3.
K. 546, *Adagio* and fugue in E flat major for string quartet. Vienna, 1788.

4. Quartets for Strings and Wind

*K. 285, D major, flute, violin, viola, violoncello. Mannheim, 1777.
Anh. 171 (285b), *Allegro* and *Andantino* in C major, flute, violin, viola, violoncello. Mannheim, 1778.

K. 298, A major, flute, violin, viola, violoncello. Paris, 1778.
*K. 370 (368b), F major, oboe, violin, viola, violoncello. Munich, 1781.

5. Quintets for Strings, and for Strings with Wind

K. 174, B flat major, 2 violins, 2 violas, violoncello. Salzburg, 1773.
*K. 515, C major, 2 violins, 2 violas, violoncello. Vienna, 1787.
*K. 516, G minor, 2 violins, 2 violas, violoncello. Vienna, 1787.
K. 406 (516b), C minor, 2 violins, 2 violas, violoncello. Vienna, 1787.
*K. 593, D major, 2 violins, 2 violas, violoncello. Vienna, 1790.
K. 614, E flat major, 2 violins, 2 violas, violoncello. Vienna, 1791.
K. 407 (386c), Horn Quintet in E flat major, violin, 2 violas, horn, violoncello. Salzburg, 1773.
*K. 581, Clarinet Quintet (*Stadler*) in A major, clarinet, 2 violins, viola, violoncello. Vienna, 1789.

6. Piano Trios, Quartets, Quintets

K. 12, Trio in A major for piano, violin (or flute), violoncello. London, 1764.
K. 13, Trio in F major for piano, violin (or flute), violoncello. London, 1764.
K. 14, Trio in C major for piano, violin (or flute), violoncello. London, 1764.
K. 15, Trio in B flat major for piano, violin (or flute), violoncello. London, 1764.
K. 254, Divertimento in B flat major for piano, violin, violoncello. Salzburg, 1776.
K. 442, Trio in D minor for piano, violin, violoncello. Vienna, 1783.
K. 496, Trio in G major for piano, violin, violoncello. Vienna, 1786.
*K. 498, Trio in E flat major for piano, clarinet, viola. Vienna, 1786.

*K. 502, Trio in B flat major for piano, violin, violoncello. Vienna, 1786.

*K. 542, Trio in E major for piano, violin, violoncello. Vienna, 1788.

K. 548, Trio in C major for piano, violin, violoncello. Vienna, 1788.

*K. 564, Trio in G major for piano, violin, violoncello. Vienna, 1788.

*K. 478, Quartet in G minor for piano, violin, viola, violoncello. Vienna, 1785.

K. 493, Quartet in E flat major for piano, violin, viola, violoncello. Vienna, 1786.

*K. 452, Quintet in E flat major for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon. Vienna, 1784.

K. 617, *Adagio* and Rondo in C minor for harmonica, flute, oboe, viola, violoncello. Vienna, 1791.

D—Piano Compositions

1. Sonatas and Fantasias

K. 279 (189d), Sonata in C major. Salzburg, 1774.

*K. 280 (189e), Sonata in F major. Salzburg, 1774.

K. 281 (189f), Sonata in B flat major. Salzburg, 1774.

K. 282 (189g), Sonata in E flat major. Salzburg, 1774.

*K. 283 (189h), Sonata in G major. Salzburg, 1774.

K. 284 (205b), Sonata in D major (*Dürnitz*). Munich, 1775.

K. 309 (284b), Sonata in C major. Mannheim, 1777.

*K. 310 (300d), Sonata in A minor. Paris, 1778.

*K. 311 (284c), Sonata in D major. Mannheim, 1777.

*K. 330 (300h), Sonata in C major. Paris, 1778.

*K. 331 (300i), Sonata in A major (with the *Rondo alla turca*). Paris, 1778.

*K. 332 (300k), Sonata in F major. Paris, 1778.

K. 333 (315c), Sonata in B flat major. Paris, 1778.

*K. 457, Sonata in C minor. Vienna, 1784.

K. 545, Sonata in C major (*"Eine kleine Klavier Sonate für Anfänger"*). Vienna, 1788.

Anh. 135 and 138a (547a), Sonata in F major. Vienna, 1788.

K. 570, Sonata in B flat major. Vienna, 1789.

*K. 576, Sonata in D major. Vienna, 1789.

K. 395 (300g), Capriccio in C major. Paris, 1778.

K. 394 (383a), Fantasia with a Fugue in C major. Vienna, 1782.

*K. 396 (385f), Sonata movement in C minor. Vienna, 1782.

*K. 397 (385g), Fantasia in D minor. Vienna, 1782.

*K. 475, Fantasia in C minor. Vienna, 1785.

2. Variations

K. 24, Eight Variations in G major on a Dutch song. The Hague, 1766.

K. 25, Seven Variations in D major on *Willem van Nassau.* Amsterdam, 1766.

K. 180 (173c), Six Variations in G major on *Mio caro Adone.* Vienna, 1773.

K. 179 (189a), Twelve Variations in C major on a Minuet by Fischer. Salzburg, 1774.

K. 354 (299a), Twelve Variations in E flat major on the aria *Je suis Lindor* from Beaumarchais's opera *The Barber of Seville.* Paris, 1778.

*K. 265 (300e), Twelve Variations in C major on *Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman.* Paris, 1778.

K. 353 (300f), Twelve Variations in E flat major on *La belle Françoise.* Paris, 1778.

K. 264 (315d), Nine Variations in C major on *Lison dormait.* Paris, 1778.

K. 352 (374c), Eight Variations in F major on the March from Grétry's opera *Les Mariages Samnites.* Vienna, 1781.

K. 398 (416e), Six Variations in F major on *Salve tu, Domine,* from Paisiello's opera *The Astrologers.* Vienna, 1783.

K. 460 (454a), Eight Variations in A major on the aria *Come un' agnello* by Sarti. Vienna (?), 1784.

K. 455, Ten Variations in G major on *Unser dummer Pöbel meint* from Gluck's opera *The Pilgrim of Mecca.* Vienna, 1784.

*K. 500, Twelve Variations in B flat major on an *Allegretto.* Vienna, 1786.

*K. 573, Nine Variations in D major on a Minuet by Duport. Potsdam, 1789.

K. 613, Eight Variations in F major on the song *Ein Weib ist das herrlichste Ding.* Vienna, 1791.

3. Duets for One or Two Pianos

K. 19d, Sonata in C major for 4 hands. London, 1765.

K. 381 (123a), Sonata in D major for 4 hands. Salzburg (?), 1772.

K. 358 (186c), Sonata in B flat major for 4 hands. Salzburg, 1774.

K. 401 (375e), Fugue in B flat major for 2 or 4 hands. Vienna, 1782.

K. 357 (497a), Sonata in G major for 4 hands. Vienna, 1786.

K. 497, Sonata in F major for 4 hands. Vienna, 1786.

K. 501, *Andante* with five variations in G major for 4 hands. Vienna, 1786.

K. 521, Sonata in C major for 4 hands. Vienna, 1787.

*K. 426, Fugue in C minor for 2 pianos. Vienna, 1783.

K. 448 (375a), Sonata in D major for 2 pianos. Vienna, 1781.

4. Other Piano Compositions (*Einzelstücke*)

*K. 1, Minuet and Trio in G major. Salzburg, 1761 or 1762 (Mozart aged 5 or 6).

K. 2, Minuet in F major. Salzburg, 1762.

K. 4, Minuet in F major. Salzburg, 1762.

K. 5, Minuet in F major. Salzburg, 1762.

K. 315a (315g), Eight Minuets with trios. Salzburg, 1779.

K. 355 (594a), Minuet in D major without trio. Vienna, 1790.

*K. 485, Rondo in D major. Vienna, 1786.
*K. 494, Rondo in F major. Vienna, 1786.
K. 511, Rondo in A minor. Vienna, 1787.
K. 511a (Anh. 284i), Rondo (Beethoven) in B flat major.
K. 153 (375f), Beginning of a fugue in E flat major. Vienna, 1782.
K. 154 (385k), Fugue in B flat major. Vienna, 1782.
K. 154a, Two little fugues for clavier or organ.
K. 399 (385i), Piano suite in C major. Vienna, 1782.
K. 453a, Little funeral march in C minor. Vienna, 1784.
K. 3, *Allegro* in B flat major. Salzburg, 1762.
K. 9a (5a), *Allegro* in C major. 1763.
K. 15a (Anh. 109b), *Allegro* for clavier. London, 1764.
K. 312 (189i), *Allegro* for a clavier sonata in G minor. Salzburg, 1774.
K. 400 (372a), *Allegro* for a clavier sonata in B flat major. Vienna, 1781.
Anh. 136 (498a), Clavier sonata in B flat major. Vienna, 1786.
K. 9b (5b), *Andante* in B flat major. 1763.
K. 533, *Allegro* and *Andante* in F major. Vienna, 1788.
K. 236 (588b), *Andantino* in B flat major. Vienna, 1790.
K. 540, *Adagio* in B minor. Vienna, 1788.
K. 356 (617a), *Adagio* in C major for harmonica. Vienna, 1791.
K. 574, A little gigue in G major. Leipzig, 1789.
K. 624 (626a), Cadenzas for the piano concertos. 1768-91.

E—Organ Compositions

*K. 67 (41h), Church Sonata in E flat major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1767.
K. 68 (41i), Church Sonata in B flat major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1767.
K. 69 (41k), Church Sonata in D major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1767.

K. 144 (124a), Church Sonata in D major for violins and organ (or violoncello). Salzburg, 1772.

K. 145 (124b), Church Sonata in F major for violins and organ (or violoncello). Salzburg, 1772.

K. 212, Church Sonata in B flat major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1775.

K. 241, Church Sonata in G major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 224 (241a), Church Sonata in F major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 225 (241b), Church Sonata in A major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 244, Church Sonata in F major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 245, Church Sonata in D major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 263, Church Sonata in C major for organ, violins, trumpets. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 274 (271d), Church Sonata in G major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1777.

K. 278 (271e), Church Sonata in C major for organ, strings, oboes, trumpets, bassoon. Salzburg, 1777.

*K. 329 (317a), Church Sonata in C major for organ, strings, oboes, horns, trumpets, bassoon. Salzburg, 1779.

*K. 336 (336d), Church Sonata in C major for organ and strings. Salzburg, 1780.

II—Vocal

A—Church Music

1. Masses

K. 49 (47d), Missa brevis in G major. Vienna, 1768.

K. 65 (61a), Missa brevis in D minor. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 66, Missa (*Dominicus*) in C major. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 116 (90a), Missa brevis in F major. Salzburg, 1771.

K. 139 (114a), Missa [solemnis] in C minor. Salzburg, 1772.

K. 115 (166d), Missa brevis in C major. Salzburg, 1773.
K. 167, Missa in honorem SSmae Trinitatis, C major. Salzburg, 1773.
K. 192 (186f), Missa brevis in F major. Salzburg, 1774.
K. 194 (186h), Missa brevis in D major. Salzburg, 1774.
K. 220 (196b), Missa brevis in C major. Munich, 1775.
K. 257, Missa [*Credo*] in C major. Salzburg, 1776.
K. 258, Missa brevis in C major. Salzburg, 1776.
K. 262 (246a), Missa [longa] in C major. Salzburg, 1776.
K. 259, Missa brevis (*Organ Solo*) in C major. Salzburg, 1776.
*K. 275 (272b), Missa brevis in B flat major. Salzburg, 1777.
*K. 317, Missa (*Coronation*) in C major. Salzburg, 1780.
*K. 337, Missa solemnis in C major (*Fagottsolomesse*). Salzburg, 1780.
*K. 427 (417a), Missa in C minor (unfinished). Vienna, 1782-3.
*K. 626, *Requiem* in D minor. Vienna, 1791 (finished by Süssmayer).
(*Note*—The so-called "Twelfth Mass" is now known to be by a minor composer and not by Mozart.)

2. Litanies and Vespers

K. 109 (74e), Litaniae de B. M. V. (*Lauretanae*), B flat major. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 125, Litaniae de venerabili altaris sacramento, B flat major. Salzburg, 1772.
K. 195 (186d), Litaniae Lauretanae, D major. Salzburg, 1774.
*K. 243, Litaniae de venerabili altaris sacramento, E flat major. Salzburg, 1776.
K. 193 (186g), *Dixit* and *Magnificat*, C major. Salzburg, 1774.
K. 321, Vesperae de Dominica, C major. Salzburg, 1779.
*K. 339, Vesperae solennes de confessore, C major. Salzburg, 1780.

3. Kyries, Offertories, etc.

K. 33, Kyrie in F major for voices and orchestra. Paris, 1766.
K. 89 (73k), Kyrie for 5 sopranos. Rome, 1770.
K. 90, Kyrie in D minor for voices and organ. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 91 (186i), Kyrie in D major for voices, strings, organ. 1774.
K. 221 (93b), Kyrie in C major for voices and basso continuo. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 322 (296a), Kyrie in E flat major for voices, orchestra, organ. Mannheim, 1778.
K. 323, Kyrie in C major for voices, orchestra, organ. Salzburg, 1779.
K. 340 (Anh. 186f), Kyrie in C major for solo voices. 1780.
K. 341 (368a), Kyrie in D minor for voices, orchestra, organ. Munich, 1781.
K. 20, Motet in D minor, *God Is Our Refuge*. London, 1765.
K. 34, Offertorium in festo S. Benedicti, *Scande coeli limina*, for voices, orchestra, organ. 1766-7.
K. 44 (73u), Introit *Cibavit eos* for voices and organ. Bologna, 1770.
K. 47, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, for voices and organ. Vienna, 1768.
K. 72 (74f), Offertorium pro festo S. Joannis Baptistae, *Inter natos mulierum*, for voices, strings, organ. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 85 (73s), *Miserere* in C major. Bologna, 1770.
K. 86 (73v), Antiphon *Quaerite primum regnum Dei*. Bologna, 1770.
K. 92 (Anh. 186c), *Salve Regina*, F major, for voices, orchestra, organ. 1769(?).
K. 93, Psalm *De profundis* in E flat major for voices and organ. Salzburg, 1771.
K. 108 (74d), *Regina Coeli* in C major for voices, orchestra, organ. Salzburg, 1771.

K. 117 (66a), Offertorium [pro omni tempore], *Benedictus sit Deus; Introibo; Jubilate.* Voices, orchestra, organ. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 127, *Regina Coeli* in B flat major for voices, orchestra, organ. Salzburg, 1772.

K. 141 (66b), *Te Deum* in C major for voices, strings, organ. Salzburg, 1769.

K. 142 (Anh. 186d), *Tantum ergo* in B flat major for voices, orchestra, organ.

*K. 143 (73a), Soprano aria *Ergo interest* and *Quaere superna,* with strings and organ. Milan, 1770.

*K. 165 (158a), Soprano motet in F major, *Exsultate, jubilate,* with orchestra and organ. Milan, 1773.

K. 197 (Anh. 186e), *Tantum ergo* in D major for voices, orchestra, organ.

*K. 198 (158b), Offertorium for soprano and tenor, *Sub tuum praesidium,* F major, with strings and organ. Milan, 1773.

K. 222 (205a), Offertorium de tempore, *Misericordias Domini,* F major, for voices and organ. Munich, 1775.

K. 223 (166e), *Osanna* in C major for voices, strings, organ. 1773(?).

K. 260 (248a), Offertorium de venerabili sacramento, *Venite, populi,* D major, for two choirs, strings, organs. Salzburg, 1776.

K. 273, Graduale ad festum B. M. V., *Sancta Maria,* F major, for voices, strings, organ. Salzburg, 1777.

K. 276 (321b), *Regina Coeli* in C major for voices, orchestra, organ. Salzburg, 1779.

K. 277 (272a), Offertorium de B. V. M., *Alma Dei creatoris,* F major, for voices, strings, organ. Salzburg, 1777.

K. 326 (93d), Hymns, *Justum deduxit Dominus* and *O sancte,* for voices and organ. Salzburg, 1771.

K. 27 (Anh. 109III), Hymn, *Adoramus te* for voices and organ.

K. 343 (336c), Two hymns, *O Gottes Lamm* and *Als aus Aegypten,* solo with bass accompaniment. Salzburg, 1779.

*K. 618, Motet *Ave, verum corpus* in D major for voices, strings, organ. Baden near Vienna, 1791.

B—Cantatas

K. 42 (35a), Passion Cantata with accompaniment of strings and horns. Salzburg, 1767.

K. 118 (74c), *La Betulia liberata,* oratorio in 2 parts, text by Metastasio. Salzburg, 1771.

K. 429 (420a), *Dir, Seele des Weltalls,* cantata for tenors and bass with orchestra. Vienna, 1783.

*K. 469, *Davidde penitente,* cantata for 3 solo voices, chorus, orchestra. Text by da Ponte(?). Vienna, 1785.

K. 471, *Sehen, wie dem Starren Forscherauge,* short Masonic cantata for tenor and men's chorus with orchestra. Vienna, 1785.

K. 623, *Laut verkünde unsre Freude,* short Masonic cantata for tenors and bass with orchestra. Vienna, 1791.

C—Operas

K. 35, *Die Schuldigkeit des ersten Gebotes* (The Observance of the First Commandment), sacred opera in 3 parts, only the first part by Mozart. Salzburg, 1767.

K. 38, *Apollo et Hyacinthus,* a Latin comedy. Salzburg, 1767.

K. 50 (46b), *Bastien et Bastienne,* a one-act operetta. Vienna, 1768.

K. 51 (46a), *La finta semplice,* opera bouffe in 3 acts. Vienna, 1768.

K. 87 (74a), *Mitridate, Rè di Ponto,* opera in 3 acts. Milan, 1770.

K. 111, *Ascanio in Alba,* dramatic serenade in 2 acts. Milan, 1771.

K. 126, *Il sogno di Scipione,* dramatic serenade, text by Metastasio. Salzburg, 1772.

K. 135, *Lucio Silla,* drama with music in 3 acts. Salzburg, 1772.

K. 196, *La finta giardiniera,* opera bouffe in 3 acts. Salzburg and Munich, 1774-5.

*K. 208, *Il Rè pastore,* drama with music in 2 acts. Salzburg, 1775.

*Anh. 10 (299b), Ballet music for the pantomime *Les petits riens.* Paris, 1778.

K. 344 (336b), *Zaide,* opera in 2 acts. Salzburg, 1779.

K. 345 (336a), Choruses and incidental music for *Thamos, King of Egypt,* drama by T. P. von Gebler. Salzburg, 1779.

*K. 366, *Idomeneo, Rè di Creta,* opera in 3 acts. Salzburg and Munich, 1780-81.

K. 367, Ballet music for *Idomeneo.* Munich, 1781.

*K. 384, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail,* comic opera in 3 acts. 1781-2.

K. 422, *L'oca del Cairo* (*Die Gans von Kairo*), opera bouffe in 2 acts. Salzburg, 1783.

K. 430 (424a), *Lo sposo deluso,* opera bouffe in 2 acts. Salzburg, 1783.

*K. 486, *Der Schauspieldirektor,* one-act comedy with music. Vienna, 1786.

*K. 492, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (*Die Hochzeit des Figaro*), opera bouffe in 4 acts. Vienna, 1786.

*K. 527, *Don Giovanni* (or *Il dissoluto punito*), opera bouffe in 2 acts. Prague, 1787.

*K. 588, *Così fan tutte,* opera bouffe in 2 acts. Vienna, 1790.

*K. 620, *Die Zauberflöte* (*The Magic Flute*), grand opera in 2 acts. Vienna, 1791.

*K. 621, *La clemenza di Tito,* grand opera in 2 acts. Vienna and Prague, 1791.

D—Songs for One or More Voices with Piano (or Organ) Accompaniment

K. 53 (43b), *To Joy* (*"Freude, Königin der Weisen"*).

K. 52 (46c), *Daphne, deine Rosenwangen.*

K. 147 (125g), *Wie unglücklich bin ich nit.*

K. 148 (125h), *O heiliges Band.*

K. 149 (125d), *Die grossmütige Gelassenheit* (*"Ich hab' es längst gesagt"*).

K. 150 (125e), *Geheime Liebe* (*"Was ich in Gedanken küsse"*).

K. 151 (125f), *Die Zufriedenheit im niedrigen Stande* (*"Ich trachte mich nach solchen Dingen"*).

K. 152 (210a), Canzonetta, *Ridente la calma* (*"Der Sylphe des Friedens"*).

K. 307 (284d), Arietta, *Oiseaux, si tous les ans* (*"Wohl tauscht ihr Vögelein"*).

K. 308 (295b), Arietta, *Dans un bois solitaire* (*"Einsam ging ich jüngst"*).

K. 349a and b, *Die Zufriedenheit* (*"Was frag ich"*)—two versions.

K. 351 (367b), *Komm, liebe Zither.*

K. 390 (340c), *An die Hoffnung* (*"Ich würd auf meinem Pfad"*).

K. 391 (340b), *An die Einsamkeit* (*"Sei du mein Trost"*).

K. 392 (340a), *Verdankt sei es dem Glanz* and *Mich locket nicht der Schall.*

K. 393 (385b), Solfeggien.

K. 441, *Das Bandel* (*"Liebes Mandel, wo is 's Bandel?"*).

K. 468, *Gesellenreise* (*"Die ihr einem neuen Grade"*).

K. 472, *Der Zauberer* (*"Ihr Mädchen, flieht Damöten ja"*).

K. 473, *Die Zufriedenheit* (*"Wie sanft"*).

K. 474, *Die betrogene Welt* (*"Der reiche Tor"*).

*K. 476, *Das Veilchen* (*"Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand"*).

K. 506, *Lied der Freiheit* (*"Wer unter eines Mädchens Hand"*).

K. 517, *Die Alte* (*"Zu meiner Zeit"*).

*K. 518, *Die Verschweigung* (*"Sobald Damoetas Chloen sieht"*).

K. 519, *Das Lied der Trennung* (*"Die Engel Gottes weinen"*).

K. 520, *Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* (*"Erzeugt von heisser Phantasie"*).

*K. 523, *Abendempfindung* ("*Abend ist's*").
*K. 524, *An Chloe* ("*Wenn die Lieb'* ").
K. 529, *Des kleinen Friedrichs Geburtstag* ("*Es war einmal*").
K. 530, *Das Traumbild* ("*Wo bist du, Bild?*").
K. 531, *Die kleine Spinnerin* ("*Was spinnst du*").
K. 552, *Beim Auszug in das Feld* ("*Dem hohen Kaiser-Worte treu*").
*K. 596, *Sehnsucht nach dem Frühlinge* ("*Komm, lieber Mai*").
K. 597, *Im Frühlingsanfang* ("*Erwacht zum neuen Leben*").
K. 598, *Das Kinderspiel* ("*Wir Kinder, wir schmecken*").
K. 619, *Die ihr der unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfer ehrt*, a little German cantata, solo.

K. 441c, *Ständchen*, trio for 2 sopranos (or tenors) and bass.
Anh. 5 (571a), *Caro mio Druck und Schluck*, comic quartet for soprano, 2 tenors, bass.
K. 483, *Zerfliesset heut', geliebte Brüder*, song for 3-part chorus with organ.
K. 484, *Ihr unsre neuen Leiter*, song for 3-part chorus with organ.

E—Canons

K. 89 (73i), Canon in A major for 4 voices (no text).
K. 89a (73r), Five riddle-canons.
K. 228 (515b), *Ach, zu kurz ist unsers Lebens Lauf*, double canon for 4 voices.
K. 229 (382a), *Sie ist dahin*, 3 voices.
K. 230 (382b), *Selig, selig alle*, 2 voices.
K. 231 (382c), *Leck mich im Arsch*, 6 voices.
K. 232 (509a), *Lieber Freistädtler, lieber Gaulimauli*, 4 voices.
K. 233 (382d), *Leck mir den Arsch*, 3 voices.
K. 234 (382e), *Bei der Hitz im Sommer ess ich*, 3 voices.
K. 347 (382f), *Lasst uns ziehn*, 6 voices.
K. 348 (382g), *V'amo di core teneramente*, three 4-voice choruses.

K. 507, *Heiterkeit und leichtes Blut*, 3 voices.
K. 508, *Auf das Wohl aller Freunde*, 3 voices.
K. 508a, Eight canons (no text).
K. 553, *Alleluja*, 4 voices.
*K. 554, *Ave Maria*, 4 voices.
K. 555, *Lacrimoso son' io*, 4 voices.
K. 556, *G'rechtelt's enk*, 4 voices.
K. 557, *Nascoso è il mio sol*, 4 voices.
K. 558, *Gehn ma in 'n Prada*, 4 voices.
K. 559, *Difficile lectu mihi mars*, 3 voices.
K. 560a and b, *O du eselhafter Peierl* and *O du eselhafter Martin*, 4 voices.
K. 561, *Bona nox, bist a rechta Ox*, 4 voices.
K. 562, *Caro, bell' idol mio*, 3 voices.
K. 562a, Canon for 4 voices (no text).
K. 562b, Study for a canon, 4 voices.
Anh. 191 (562c), Canon for 4 voices.

F—Arias, Duets, Trios, Quartets, and Choruses

K. 23, Soprano air, *Conservati fedele*. 1766.
K. 21 (19c), Tenor air, *Va, dal furor portata*. 1765.
K. 36 (3i), Tenor recitative and air, *Or che il dover* and *Tali e cotanti sono*. 1766.
K. 70 (61c), Soprano recitative and air, *A Berenice* and *Sol nascente*. 1769.
K. 71, Tenor air, *Ah, più tremar non voglio*. 1769-70.
K. 74b, Soprano air, *Non curo l'affetto*. 1771.
K. 77 (73e), Soprano recitative and air, *Misero me* and *Misero pargoletto*. 1770.
K. 78 (73b), Soprano air, *Per pietà, bell' idol mio*. 1770.
K. 79 (73d), Soprano air, *O temerario Arbace* and *Per quel paterno amplesso*. 1770.
K. 82 (73o), Soprano air, *Se ardire, e speranza*. 1770.
K. 83 (73p), Soprano air, *Se tutti i mali miei*. 1770.
K. 88 (73c), Soprano air, *Fra cento affanni*. 1770.

K. 119 (382h), Soprano air, *Der liebe himmlisches Gefühl.* 1782.

K. 146 (317b), Soprano air, *Kommet her, ihr frechen Sünder.* 1779.

K. 178 (125i), Soprano air, *Ah, spiegarti, o Dio.* 1772.

K. 209, Tenor air, *Si mostra la sorte.* 1775.

K. 210, Tenor air, *Con ossequio, con rispetto.* 1775.

K. 217, Soprano air, *Voi avete cor fedele.* 1775.

K. 255, Alto recitative and air, *Ombra felice* and *Io ti lascio, e questo addio.* 1776.

K. 256, Tenor air, *Clarice cara mia sposa.* 1776.

K. 272, Soprano recitative and air, *Ah, lo previdi* and *Ah, t'invola agl' occhi mei.* 1777.

K. 294, Soprano recitative and air, *Alcandro, lo confesso* and *Non so d'onde viene.* 1778.

K. 295, Tenor air, *Se al labbro mio non credi* and *Il cor dolente.* 1778.

K. 316 (300b), Soprano recitative and air, *Popoli di Tessaglia* and *Io non chiedo, eterni dei.* 1778.

K. 368, Soprano recitative and air, *Ma, che vi fece, o stelle sperai vicino il lido.* 1781.

*K. 369, Soprano scene and air, *Misera dove son!* and *Ah! non son' io che parlo.* 1781.

K. 374, Soprano recitative and air, *A questo seno deh vieni* and *Or che il cielo a me ti rende.* 1781.

K. 383, Soprano air, *Nehmt meinen Dank, ihr holden Gönner!* 1782.

K. 416, Soprano scene and rondo, *Mia speranza adorata* and *Ah, non sai, qual pena.* 1783.

*K. 418, Soprano air, *Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio* and *Ah conte, partite.* 1783.

K. 419, Soprano air, *No, no, che non sei capace.* 1783.

K. 420, Tenor air, *Per pietà, non ricercate.* 1783.

K. 432 (421a), Bass recitative and air, *Così dunque tradisci* and *Aspri rimorsi atroci.* 1783.

*K. 433 (416c), Bass air, *Männer suchen stets zu naschen.* 1783.

K. 434 (425b), Tenor recitative and air, *Misero! o sogno* and *Aura, che intorno.* 1783.

K. 435 (416b), Tenor air, *Müsst ich auch durch tausend Drachen.* 1783.

K. 440 (383h), Soprano air, *In te spero, o sposo.* 1782.

K. 486a (295a), Soprano recitative and air, *Basta, vincesti* and *Ah non lasciarmi, no.* 1778.

K. 490, Soprano scene with rondo, *Non più, tutto ascoltai* and *Non temer, amato bene.* 1786.

K. 505, Soprano scene with rondo, *Ch'io mi scordi di te* and *Non temer, amato bene.* 1786.

K. 512, Bass recitative and air, *Alcandro, lo confesso* and *Non so, d'onde viene.* 1787.

K. 513, Bass air, *Mentre ti lascio, o figlia.* 1787.

K. 528, Soprano scene, *Bella mia fiammi* and *Resta, o cara.* 1787.

K. 538, Soprano air, *Ah se in ciel, benigne stelle.* 1788.

K. 539, A German war song, *Ich möchte wohl der Kaiser sein.* 1788.

K. 541, Bass air, *Un bacio di mano.* 1788.

K. 569, Air, *Ohne Zwang, aus eignem Triebe.* 1789.

K. 577, Soprano rondo, *Al desio, di chi t' adora.* 1789.

K. 578, Soprano air, *Alma grande e nobil core.* 1789.

K. 579, Soprano air, *Un moto di gioia mi sento.* 1789.

K. 580, Soprano air, *Schon lacht der holde Frühling.* 1789.

K. 582, Soprano air, *Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia.* 1789.

K. 583, Soprano air, *Vado, ma dove?—oh Dei!* 1789.

K. 584, Bass air, *Rivolgeti a lui lo sguardo.* 1789.

K. 584a, Soprano air, *Donne vaghe.* 1789.

K. 612, Bass air, *Per questa bella mano.* 1791.

Anh. 245 (621a), Bass air, *Io ti lascio, o cara, addio.* 1791.

K. 389 (Anh. 384), Duet for 2 tenors, *Welch angstliches Beben.* 1782.

K. 436, Duet (Notturno) for soprano and bass, *Ecco quel fiero istante.* 1783.

K. 437, Duet (Notturno) for soprano and bass, *Mi lagnerò tacendo.* 1783.

K. 489, Duet for soprano and tenor, *Spiegarti non poss' io.* 1786.

K. 625 (592a), Comic duet for soprano and bass, *Nun, liebes Weibchen, ziehst mit mir.* 1790.

K. 346 (439a), Trio (Notturno) for 3 voices, *Luci care, luci belle.* 1783.

K. 438, Trio (Notturno), *Se lontan, ben mio, tu sei.* 1783.

K. 439, Trio (Notturno) for 2 sopranos and bass, *Due pupille amabile.* 1783.

K. 480, Terzett (Trio), *Mandina amabile.* 1785.

K. 532, Trio for soprano, tenor, bass, *Grazie agl' inganni tuoi.* 1787.

K. 549, Canzonetta for 2 sopranos and bass, *Più non si trovano.* 1788.

K. 479, Quartet for soprano, tenor, 2 basses, *Dite almeno, in che mancai.* 1785.

K. 615, Final Chorus, *Viviamo felici in dolce contento.* 1791.

3 1197 00211 5951

DATE DUE

SEP 2 1 1994
APR 2 1 1994
DEC 1 4 1994
APR 3 1 1995
1985
MAR 2 9 1995
MAR 2 1 1985
MAR 2 1
DEC 2 1 1995
DEC 1 4 1999
NOV 2 2 1988
NOV 2 2 1988
JUL 2 2 2005
JUL 1 9 2005
APR 1 2 1989
APR 2 1
OCT 2 2 1990
APR 2 2004

DEMCO 38-297